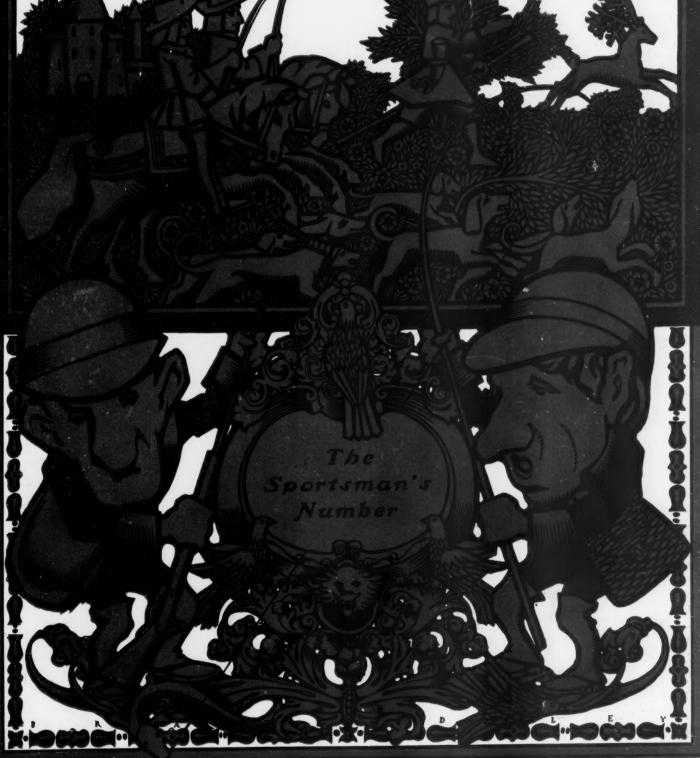
Vol. XXIX No. 26

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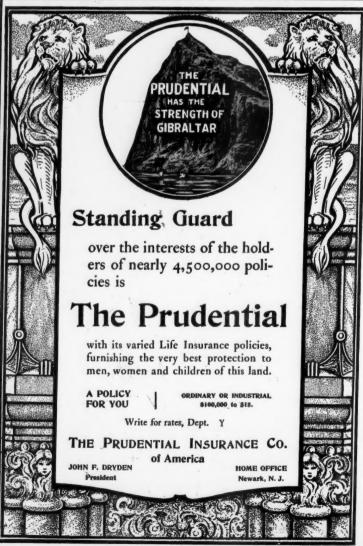
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"STEADY!"

CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND







THE ISLAND of Newfoundland—a territory as large as the State of New York—has only about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and these are sprinkled along the coast line. The railroad which crosses the island from Port-au-Basques to St. Johns is over five hundred miles in length, and the stations, after leaving the coast, are little more than headquarters for a telegraph operator and a few section hands. The coast is indented by deep and narrow bays, said to resemble the fiords of Norway, back of which rise steep and rugged hills clothed in a growth of stunted black spruce. The interior is a succession of great high barrens and moss-covered swamps—and everywhere water, in lakes, streams, ponds and bog-holes.

Over this region roam the caribou, or North American reindeer, in countless numbers, and here they grow to a perfection of size and beauty attained in no other locality, some stags weighing five hundred to six hundred pounds, and bearing fifty-pound antlers. The caribou of the mainland is a smaller animal, darker in color, with horns smaller and much more irregular, and is chiefly of the woodland variety; the caribou of Newfoundland is of the barren-land variety, larger, lighter in color (in winter becoming almost white), the stags bearing antlers of great size and symmetry.

The doe caribou of the mainland is seldom found with horns; in Newfoundland, on the contrary, the doe is provided with horns in almost every case. The writer has seen numbers of does with sets of antlers that would be fairly creditable to a stag of the mainland.

The game laws are framed to give the natives great-liberty

horns in almost every case. The writer has seen numbers of does with sets of authers that would be fairly creditable to a stag of the mainland.

The game laws are framed to give the natives great liberty in killing for food—the open season extending from July 15 to October 1 and from October 20 until February 1. The period of close time of twenty days in October is for the protection of the animals during the mating season.

Licenses to shoot, issued to non-residents, are of three classes: The \$40 license entitles the holder to kill one doe and two stags; \$50, one doe and three stags; \$80, two does and five stags.

The caribou—or deer, as they are called by the natives—perform two great annual migrations: from the northern to the southern part of the island in the fall, and back again in the spring. They begin to move south in September, singly and in small bands; but during the mating season, which takes place early in October, the migration ceases entirely, not to be resumed until the advent of the first cold storm—usually accompanied with snow. Then they go south with a rush, the bands increasing in size by the joining of one drove and another on the journey, until in the southern part of the island a single herd will sometimes number two or three hundred animals.

Each band on the march, whether large or small, is invariably led by an old doe, which walks five or ten yards in advance, the extreme rear being brought up by the stags. The hugest stags are the last to move south, because, the guides stags are the last to move south, because, the guides stags are the last to move south, because, the guides stags are the last to move south, because, the guides stags are the last of move south, because, the guides stags are the last of move south, because, the guides stags are the last of move south, because, the guides stags are the last of move south, because, the guides stags are the last of move south. The stags that their large horns impede their movements to some extent.

The best time the part of the second

is said at times to yield handsome returns, begins at this

We were fortunate in securing very good men, however— William and Redmond McCarthy and John Harris—all of Corner Brook, Bay-of-Islands; good hunters, willing and



A long Swim toward Safety

obliging. Few of the natives own canoes—the only canoes in the island are those brought by sportsmen for their own use. Having no canoes, we went in dories, such as are used in the cod and herring fishing. These were loaded on the cars at Bay-of-Islands, and unloaded again at Sandy Lake crossing—about forty-five miles inland. From this place we



A Stag that made a Death-jump into a Bog-hole

took boat, went up the Sandy Lake River to Little Deer Lake, at the foot of which we made camp.

The second day out we saw a doe and fawn; then not another caribou for three days, although we hunted the bogs industriously. Then two does and a fawn. Game seemed

scarce, to say the least, and we began to lose confidence and to believe we had our trouble for our pains. But the guides assured us that as long as the weather field warm and fine the caribou would not move, but that after the first cold storm we would see game.

This we found to be true. The fifth day brought a cold storm with driving snow squalls. On the second day of the storm we began to see caribou—at first small parties of does and fawns, later parties of from ten to fifteen, including one or two small stags. Many of these droves would swim the lake, but the large stags seldom crossed the lake—their horus being heavy, they preferred to find a place on the river where they could cross by warding.

Our camp was situated on a point at the outlet of the lake. About three hundred yards down-stream was a "lead" or runway, which the caribou followed after crossing, and which led back to a bog behind the camp. On snowy days we would remain in camp, with a guide posted on the shore. If caribou appeared on the opposite bank, we would run down-stream through the woods to the lead and try for a shot after the deer had crossed. At other times we would cross the lake and go north from the camp on the bogs and barrens, and, selecting a position upon some hill, would watch with field-glasses for the appearance of a herd. Often the guide would climb a tree to get a more unobstructed view. Cold work this on a raw, windy day, upon a barren hilltop where the wind has full sweep.

Although the caribou can often be seen approaching at a

glasses for the appearance of a herd. Often the guide would climb a tree to get a more unobstructed view. Cold work this on a raw, windy day, upon a barren hilltop where the wind has full sweep.

Although the caribou can often be seen approaching at a distance of half a mile or more, it is not always easy to do effective shooting. When travelling, the animals seldom stop to feed, and move at a fast walk or long, easy-swinging trot which covers the ground very rapidly. As soon as the game is seen, the hunter is in for a hard run, in a crouching position, so as to take advantage of any cover, over ground that is soft and in which he sinks half-way to the knees. The natural result is, that when he is near enough to shoot be is out of breath and his nerves jumping. Of course, this is not always the case. When the wind is favorable, and the game coming straight for the hunter, he has only to remain absolutely motionless and they will come very close, even though the hunter be in plain sight. Caribon pay little attention to noises or to unusual objects, provided there is no motion, but they will detect the slightest movement, and their sense of smell is wonderfully keen. They usually travel on cold, windy days, and keep always as much to leeward as possible. When alarmed, they invariably run down the wind so that their noses will warn them if they are followed.

The first caribon we killed was a fawn. We picked him out because we wanted meat, and, being young, we thought he ought to be tender. In fact, however, his meat was almost useless—lean, tough, stringy and very dark in color. This was difficult to understand, and the guides, for some reason, were unable to offer an explanation. However, il hearned the reason later. It appears that during the mating season the fawns are weaned. The old stag, driving the fawn away from the mother, will strike him with his horns and chase him half a mile. As soon as the stag gives up the chase and turns back to the doe the fawn will return, then the stag will chase him again. Thi



Cutting up a Caribou

Not a bad Day's Work

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

SHEEPSHEAD AT PURSE DASH NECK"-A AND "NEGK

BAY

CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

make fine eating, superior to venison and only second to moose. At any other season of the year the stags and fawns are in good condition.

After the first snow and cold weather had started the deer on the move, they came fast, and it was only a question of straight shooting and of waiting to pick out good heads. My companion got his four best heads in one day.

When on the move, the caribou travel at night as well as during the day. We made no attempt to hunt at night, as even by strong moonlight it would be impossible to judge of the size of the horns. One cold moonlight night we were awakened about eleven o'clock by a great tramping, rattling of stones and shaking on the beach in front of our tents. We elipped on our moccasins and stepped out, to see a drove of between twenty and thirty, of all sizes and kinds, which had crossed the river and landed within fifty yards of the tents.

Caribou are very tenacious of life. My companion used a 30-40 Winchester and the writer used an 8 Mannlicher. With such strong guns, we were seldom able to stop a big stag with a single shot, even when hit in a vital spot. One that the writer shot through the heart ran with the rest of the drove for two hundred yards, as though he had not, been touched, before collapsing. When we opened him he had only one bullet hole, and his heart was cut in two. Another went about the same distance on the jump, with both fore shoulders broken and a bullet through the neck. On several other occasions, the stags, when hit, went off with such strength that when they fell they dug their anters in the ground and turned complete somersaults.

In addition to caribou there are on the island wolves, bear, lynx and other fur bearing animals, birds in great variety, including ptarmigan; also trout and salmon. The wolves are scarce now, but at one time, not many years ago, they were

very abundant. The guides say that one winter the wolves disappeared and the lynx, or "lucevir," came in their place. They explain this by the supposition that the beasts cross and re-cross from the Labrador coast when the straits, which are only seven miles wide at one part, are frozen over. Bear are fairly plentiful. We saw three, but were unable to get near enough for a shot.

fairly plentiful. We saw three, but were unable to get near enough for a shot.

Seals abound along the coast at certain times of the year. They are not the fur-bearing variety, but are hunted for their oil and the skins, of which the natives make moccasins. These seals go up all the rivers and streams in summer and may be found, at that season, in all the lakes, however far from the coast.

coast.

The guides, as has been pointed out, are all fishermen, following the herring and cod fishery for a living. They are sturdy men, otherwise they could not endure the hardships of that life. They are superstitious beyond belief. One of them said to the writer one morning: "I dreamed of crowds of women running all around me in every direction last night—we shall see lots of deer to-day."

On another occasion the writer was with his guide on a bare hillton in a driving snow squall, waiting for deer. In

On another occasion the writer was with his guide on a bare hilltop in a driving snow squall, waiting for deer. In one of the intervals, when it was too thick to see, the guide remarked: "Maybe you don't believe in spirits?"

"The world is full of many strange things which are difficult to understand," I replied.

"Well," said he, "you may believe me or not, but I can take you to a place up here on the Labrador coast where there is no one within a hundred miles of you and, of a dark night, you can hear voices all around you talking. And again, there's an island out here off the coast called 'Coopers Island,' where a number of men lived making casks for the seal-oil fishery. The smallpox came among them and they all died,

and now no one lives there; but on any stormy night if you go near the place you can hear the sound of the hammers on the casks.

"And then, an uncle of mine was on board a fishing schooner going up toward the Labrador coast. They had a fine wind, and were making good headway, when suddenly the ship stopped short and would not move an inch, although the wind still blew and all sails were drawing. Then a big sea washes over the rail and leaves a corpse upon the deck. The crew was much astonished and did not know what to do. But the captain, he knew what was the matter. He ordered every man on board to come up and lay his hands on the corpse. They all did so except one man, and he hung back. Then the captain ordered him to be seized and brought up to the dead man. This was done, and as soon as he touched the corpse it threw its arms about him, and, another wave coming over the side, carried them both into the sea. You see, that man had murdered the other the year before when he was sailing in a vessel over that same spot."

A word in closing: if any of my readers contemplate making this trip, I would advise them to take everything they require—tents, blankets, and all the better class of camp supplies, including butter, tea and coffee, and canned goods. The hunting grounds are reached by rail to North Sydney in Nova Scotia, thence by steamer to Port-au-Basques on the west coast of the island. Here the country is thinly settled, and there are no stores worthy of the name until one reaches St. Johns on the east coast. It is, therefore, not wise to depend upon the country for anything but the coarser supplies—potatoes, pork, sail, etc.

The Happy Hunting Grounds of Newfoundland are not easily attained, but the trip would still be worth taking if it were twice as far.

YTRAVELER IR EDWIN ARNOI

THE TIME of year is fast approaching, and in some quarters is already come, when the most numerous and most adventurous of all tourists and travelers make one of their great bi-annual journeys. It is, or will soon be, the season for that Migration of the Birds which is one of the most curious and interesting customs of the feathered creation. Human tourists are counted no doubt by scores of thousands, but the tourists of the sky in spring, and again in autumn, pass across the globe in millions and billions.

The habit is well known to the most casual of observers, for no one can fail to remark how there will be suddenly seen flocks and clusters of swallows, swifts, wheat-ears, plovers, curlews, and the rest, all at once in places quite destitute of them a week before. The most familiar examples are, perhaps, the swallow, the redbreast, the cuckoo, the waterwagtail and the nightingale, but the list of regular migrants would be very loug. Some among them are remarkable for their punctuality of arrival.

Of sea-fowl the puffin, for instance, is one whose advent upon its accustomed rock is looked for by shore residents as a matter of absolute certainty on a fixed day. There are many spots where a woodcock, not seen before for many months, may be "flushed" without fail behind rocks or thickets near the seabeach at the regular time. There are islands, promoutories, and even populous towns above which will be heard passing at the ordained seasons interminable lines and vast commingled bands of feathered voyagers who break the silence of a spring or autumn night with a noise like that of distant sea-waves produced by their wings or wailing cries. They have their well-marked roads through the trackless air stead-fastly adhered to, except by some stragglers, so that their arrivals and departures are notable events in rural history, and serve as points in the calendar for foreign sportsmen to whose "bag" nothing comes amiss.

The principal routes followed by them are registered in books of natural history and show a wonde

long trip which seems forced upon them by hereditary instinct or the necessities of their food-supply; and about now is the period of the year when this immense movement, which dwarfs all other examples of far travel, is in full progress.

Naturalists have never ceased to marvel at the phenomena of this stupendous migration. What supplies the place of guides and time-tables with the little trippers? Hoy do they know amid changeable weather that the days have arrived when they must break away from their sunny sojourning places to find the old nesting-grounds and feeding-haunts? It cannot always be by judgments drawn from the temperature of their southern and northern abodes, since they often start when no meteorological office would predict suitable conditions for the expedition. How do the small hearts beating in those feathered bosoms hear that pervading whisper of Nature which says imperatively, "Go northward," or "Go southward, to mate and make your nests?"

Obviously they hear a voice inaudible to us, and act by information denied to the cleverest of our weather prophets. The general theory is that problems of daily food are forced upon them, and especially as regards the bringing up of their young. But there is surely food everywhere for such tiny digestions, nor does it ever fail so abruptly that they should keep such exact dates. Nor is it only change of diet which can occupy them, because a great many come back from the south to the exact northern localities where they passed the last spring. Over and over again the same birds are seen to return to the same spot, even though it be changed in appearance. The swallows return to the well-known eaves; the ravens build in the same crag, the cuckoo lays her intrusive eggs in the nest which she knows will be found where the fields of home, and were drawn by it between their southern and their northern habitats by an irresistible nostalgis. Even fish like the salmon manifest a similar passion to haunt alternately well-known localities first in the open ocean an

sirable that the feathered gentlemen should go toning for their little consorts.

Yet, whether it be with the instinct to revisit alternate homes, or from domestic prudence and forethought in regard to their expected young, how mysterious remains the impulse which despatches these tourists of the sky on jour-

neys so tremendous! Some among them, like the bluethroat, are known to perform the whole route by one stupendous effort; and there are those who think that by flying at a great height many of them obtain the assistance of rapid currents in the upper air which carry them along like an aerial torrent. It would be a good thing for M. Santos-Dumont if he could take counsel with certain of these experienced navigators of the ether. And if we allow something for such knowledge of tides in the sky, and get over the difficulties which must attend the question of retreshments upon the journey, it still remains a prodigious marvel.

How do the migrating birds deal with the

marvel.

How do the migrating birds deal with the questions of whether it be wise to fill their little crops with food and water before starting, or to have the advantage of flying light by setting forth with empty stomachs? Imagine all these small creatures gathering for the great trip along the Nile, beyond the Sahara Desert, down the West Coast of Africa and the islands of the sea, and successfully arranging all the preliminaries and prespectators essential to launch

Nile, beyond the Sahara Desert, down the West Coast of Africa and the islands of the sea, and successfully arranging all the preliminaries and preparations essential to launch themselves on such uncharted roads with so much confidence. Yet they do this year after year on both hemispheres.

As our spring opens they pass all down the course of great rivers like the Nile; over deserts and ranges of mountains in Asia and Africa; up the green avenues of the Rhine and the Rhone and the Danube; across the Irish Sea, the German Ocean and the Baltic with no compass but their tiny hearts; no lights to guide except the sun and the stars, and no land-marks which would be intelligible to the proud lords of the creation. Between North and South America the same periodic flights of these sky travelers in their countless millions take place. How do they transmit such skill in travel, such confidence in their delicate conformation, such splendid trust in the endurance of their wings, from parents to children? For one of the miracles connected with the subject is that in autumn, when their nestlings have been reared and trained, those feathered mites will commit themselves to the return trip with all the boldness of an old cock corn-crake who has thus crossed the globe ten or a dozen times. Reflect, too, upon the physiological fact that the bird is a descendant and a development of the lizard, as may be seen by any one who studies the fossil forms of the pterodactyl and the archæopteryx. If any fair reader wants something to think of, when she sees in her country walks the graceful swallow skim the ripples of the stream, and the tiny willow-wren flutter in the thorn-bush, let her ask what miracle is impossible to the progress and uprise of life when these fearless sailors of the sky have arisen from the impish reptile in the limestone or the marl.

IN SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER: : BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

SHRILLY the geese honk; the partridges drum again; South toward the sedgelands the flocked ducks fly; Bees have filled the honeycomb (when will they hum again?); Tattered the trees stand, etched against the sky. 'Tis the last amber wine, ah, but the stain of it!

Tis the last cup at lip, O let us drain of it! Life!-let us clutch at the little we may gain of it! Winter stands menacing; the dear days die!

Here along the lowlands the pools lie shimmering; There along the uplands the asters burn; Still by the road-marge the sumach is glimmering; Still there's a gold fringe edging the fern; Pluck, then, the fruit to be had for the plundering-Graft of the isles of the ancient wondering-O pluck and eat, for soon comes the sundering-Winter, and blight, and the storm-winds stern!

Phantom-like, fugitive, all that we gaze upon Ah, but the gleam of it! ah, but the beam! Hills that the noon hangs its orient haze upon, Slopes that at eve like a paradise seem: Beauty-its essence is here for our pleasuring; (Who shall give girth to its manifold measuring?) Let us be hoarding it, let us be treasuring, Winter is hastening-the end of the dream!



CAMPING IN THE MAINE WOODS IN THE FALL

"Wen de tukkey's in de medder,
An' de 'possum an' de coon
An' de jay am up a gum tree
Er scoldin' like a loon—

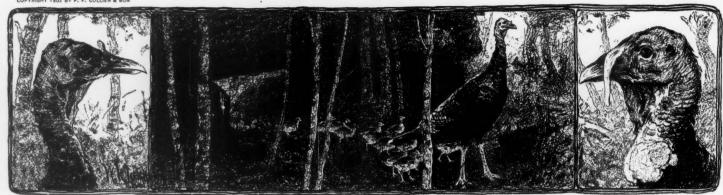
En'start out on de run

En start out on de run

En slum'er in de shadder

Till de toilsome day am done!"

0



TURKEY - By W. R. LEIGH THE SOUTHERN WILD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

ROM BENEATH a fallen tree which lay across a rock-ROM BENEATH a fallen tree which lay across a rock-crevice stepped a proud mother turkey. The nesting-place had been well chosen; dead leaves half filled the fissure, and lay in deep drifts among the dense growth of hazel bushes which concealed the spot. No prowling marauder could approach over this leafy carpet, even when it was wet, without making sufficient noise to alarm the watchful hen. The location of the nest was known to her alone (with good reason, for her mate would have destroyed it), and for twenty-eight days she had kept to herself. She had sat upon the eggs faithfully, only leaving them for an hour during the warmest portion of each day, to snatch a hasty meal and to roll in the dust. Upon each occasion she carefully turned every egg over, and now she was rewarded by having fourteen little downy children; only one egg had failed to hatch.

She led them proudly, but cautiously, her wonderfully sharp eyes searching the woods and sky and her ears catching the most delicate sounds. The chicks were some of them hardly twenty-four hours old, but she pushed forward, contented as long as one of them followed, and the little band of striped brothers and sisters had to make the best use of their shaky legs to keep up.

Strange and thrilling must have been to them the sensations of that first day; the great forest—their world—lay about them with all its wonders and deligities, its dancers and

of that first day: the great forest-their world-lay about them, with all its wonders and delights, its dangers and

of that first day: the great f
them, with all its wonders at
hardships. It was early June;
through the vaulted masses of
tangled vegetation sloped long
yellow sunbeams, filling the
purple twilight with humid
warmth. Here a little ball of
down, overcome by the seductive lethargy that seemed to lie
in wait for them at each patch
of light, dozed and nodded,
dreaming all manner of delightful things, no doubt, until
a woodpecker's loud tapping
on a hollow snag or the shrill
chirping of a chipmunk brought
it to itself with a start, to find
that the rest of the flock was it to itself with a start, to find that the "est of the flock was far in advance. Then a bee or butterfly came, as it were, expressly to tempt and challenge one to a mad chase among the flowers, only to mock its futile efforts. The hen captured many of these dainty morsels, but invariably swallowed them herself. However, with her powerful feet she turned over the rotting beds of leaves industriously, and the chicks rushed in after each scratching and picked up bugs and grubs. Sometimes one got kicked over by accident, and half buried in loam, but returned dauntlessly to the scramble for food without loss of time. that the rest of the flock was

loss of time, They seemed very delicate

They seemed very delicate little creatures, indeed, to be exposed to as many mortal enemies as were theirs; yet, at the hen's first note of warning, as she sighted a hawk, it was wonderful with what suddenness they disappeared from view; they were natural adepts in the art of hiding.

In the afternoon the young turkeys were much stronger, and followed the hen to a pool in the bed of a half-dried-up brook and on to an ancient clearing where sheep were feeding among scattered pine bushes. Here were grasshoppers and crickets sunning themselves in the grass by hundreds, and they all dashed in among them enthusiastically. They had found a dewberry patch, and were very busy, when an immense gobbler emerged from behind a bush.

The hen was not glad to see him—though she was one of his wives—nor did he seem in the least moved at sight of her. He advanced coolly and made a vicious lunge at one of the chicks, but the hen threatened him at that moment, which gave the chicks a chance to dart into the brambles. He did not take the hen's demonstration seriously, but spread his tail grandiloquently, as if he had every reason in the world to be proud of himself, and strutted toward her with wings so rigidly drooped that they scraped the earth with a hollow sound. But, however captivating this might have proved at other times, it was now without effect, and the hen made off toward the woods calling her family after her.

A half-hour before sundown the weary chicks crept under

was now without effect, and the nen made on toward the woods calling her family after her.

A half-hour before sundown the weary chicks crept under the maternal wings in the midst of a thicket, and slept peacefully until dawn. A few nights later they were not so fortunate; it had rained during the afternoon, and they had gone to bed earlier than usual. The dampness which chilled them to the bone also made it easier for an old skunk to smell them

than it would ordinarily have been. The hen gave the alarm just in time, and flew into a tree. The chicks scattered in all directions—under leaves, roots, anything that yielded whole or partial concealment; each lay close to the ground, trem-bling, while the skunk hunted for them. When he got dan-

or partial concealment; each lay close to the ground, trembing, while the skunk hunted for them. When he got dangerously near one, it darted under some new obstruction and doubled and dodged skilfully. The hen in her tree gave constant warning, and the skunk finally passed on; but it was long before she ventured to descend and gather her half-frozen children, and only thirteen came to her call.

They passed each night where darkness overtook them, and continued the following day over new ground, always in a straight line obliquely up or down the sides of the steep mountain ridges. Between twelve and three o'clock on hot days, they lay down in shady places and panted. As the flock was destined in the course of time to be thinned and scattered, we will henceforth follow in particular the fortunes of one of its members, whom we will call Strut, because he afterward attained such a high degree of perfection in that art. Strut was the largest and strongest of the brood, and consequently one of the most successful in procuring food, which accounted largely for the growing difference in size between him and the runt of the flock.

By the time a month had elapsed, their wing-feathers had grown sufficiently for the young turkeys to follow their mother into the low branches of trees or up the incline of trunks that

for the pasture field. It extended from the top down the eastern slope of a ridge, and the sun's first rays flooded its upper half with brilliant light.

A killdee flew up noisily from the shoulder of the hill that sloped down toward the river, but the gobbler observed two pigs among the ragweeds there, which explained the circumstance and put him at his ease; he was not so foolish as a killdee. All became engaged in the pursuit of grasshoppers, and none perceived a stealthy form glide to the edge of a cliff on the opposite side of the Cacapon. It was Peety; he saw the turkeys, saw the pigs, and his plan was made. Down the ridge by a watercourse which kept him out of sight, across the river without even stopping to take off his shoes, he went, and to the fence surrounding the field. He did not climb over it because the elevation would have brought him in view of the flock, but on his hands and knees he crept through where a rail was broken, and into the ragweed. The turkeys were above, just over the hill, but when they raised their heads they could see him; the pigs were between.

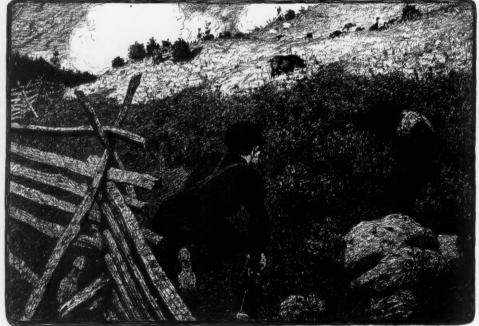
The turkey-gobbler every now and then looked up and surveyed the pigs, but, not having much of a head for numbers, it never struck him there were three pigs now where but two had been. He did notice that one approached gradually, but then it was only a pig; what did it matter? Suddenly up leaped Peety, as if out of the ground, and rushed toward them. There was a moment of indecision, a fatal moment, when all the turkeys ran together as though to take counsel of each other, and their upstretched heads for an instant formed a group. It was the instant Peety was waiting

when all the turkeys ran together as though to take counsel of each other, and their upstretched heads for an instant formed a group. It was the instant Peety was waiting for. A flash and a roar, and two turkeys rolled on their backs, another, and a third turkey dropped. Peety stopped to reload; the flock took to their wings, but before they were out of range two more shots rang out, and another turkey fell.

Peety's impersonation of a pig was a role which suited him. Not satisfied with four turkeys, he followed to the part of the woods where he judged the most of the fugitives had gone, and lay down flat on his stomach between a huge log and an old stump.

Now the silliness of the young turkeys showed itself just as Peety knew it would. A half-hour had not elapsed before one of them, after looking about from his hiding-place and seeing and hearing nothing, gave one call and received a low, discreet answer. He waited and listened awhile, and called again, a little louder, and again that low, encouraging answer. It sounded just like his mother; he was sure it was she, and he stood up, this time calling twice. Another silly little turkey not far off called, too, and this emboldened the first, and, when he heard the low answer again, he ran toward it. But it was only Peety with his wing-bone caller, and as the turkeys, well knowing that he could get his dinner and return by the time the terrified birds would venture to call again.

Strut's escape was due to luck. He had starred twice toward the fatal spot, and was saved each time by one of his comrades getting there ahead of him. The last time he was so near that a stray shot stung him badly, and he ran a long distance beyond where he had been. After an hour he moved further still, and finally heard a distant call in the direction in which he was going. Suddenly he came upon one of the hens and two young ones, and this saved him once more, for soon afterward a shot from the very quarter where he had heard the call told that Peety had run around the base of the kno



On his hands and knees he crept through where a rail was broken

had lodged in falling. With two months they could make their way, by flying from limb to limb, to very respectable heights, which was indeed necessary, for they had had many experiences with their enemies in the meantime. Two had fallen victims to foxes, and a mink had killed one. A wild-cat, leaping from behind a stump, had taken nearly all the tail-feathers from the hen herself, and a fourth chick had fallen into his clutches. Besides all this, an opossum climbed their roosting tree one night, and they scattered, and did not get together until morning.

They joined another flock led by a gallant cock, and there were numerous fights until they all got well acquainted. The cock was a bold, venturesome spirit, and led the flock on many daring expeditions to grain fields. Long after the wheat had been cut and hauled in from the bottoms along the Cacapon, they found good picking there, and later they resorted to the buckwheat fields on the tops of the ridges. But one of their favorite haunts was an old pasture field, and it was in this latter that Strut had his first experience of their deadliest foe, man.

foe, man.

It was now August, and though the hunting season did not begin until the middle of September, Peety was out with his rusty double barrel just the same. Peety never had been fond of work, and since it had become perilous to make "1 oonshine" he found it easier to live on turkey flesh at thi season (when, as he said, the young ones were still very sill,) than on bacon. While the woods were half dark at the break of day, and a long winding cloud of silvery mist hung over the course of the Cacapon, the gobbler headed the flock

fell, he scratched down through it easily enough, and his layers of fat kept him very comfortable. But there came a time when freezing rain covered the snow with a glassy, impenetrable crust, and they wandered for miles through the bleak wilderness half famished. At night they took refuge from the fierce north winds in clumps of pines. They frequently saw men, but the white snow and leafless trees enabled them to see so clearly that escape was always easy. The food supply became more and more scarce, but luckily they found a corn field where the shiftless farmer had let the shocks stand, and they remained in its neighborhood, returning to it each day. The farmer noticed this, and hid in one of the shocks; but he was a bungler, and they detected him.

One day on the crest of a ridge, when they were all very hungry, they came upon some corn scattered sparsely on either side of an irregular path, in which were the fresh tracks of a man. There immediately began a frantic scramble for the grain, of which there was just enough to make them want more, which they found as they followed the path. It brought them soon to a square pen built in the rudest sort of way of old rotten logs, with a roof of the same, and with big stones on top to hold the roof in place. It was so dilapidated and tumble-down looking that the turkeys, with the exception of the gobbler, never stopped twice to look at it. The cock did stop to examine it, and another very similar one close by, but while he did so the others rushed on recklessly, picking up every grain of corn as they went, which certainly was enough to deprive a hungry gobbler of his better judgment. The corn became more plentiful as they neared the pen, and narrowed down to a row which led directly to a hole where a section of one of the bottom logs had been chopped off.

Inside they saw a great heap of corn, and several of the young turkeys, hardly taking time to examine the interior, crept boldly in and began a royal feast. This was more than the most prudent could stand, and all

, as if merely to tantalize Strut. At last the latter perate and made a dash for the hole, but the big pized him by the back of his neck and gave him a his wings that knocked him over. The big fellow gobbler seized him by the back of his neck and gave him a blow with his wings that knocked him over. The big fellow weighed about thirty-eight pounds or more, and Strut only



He strutted and danced before the hens

nineteen, so resistance was not to be thought of. But the old tyrant, still not satisfied, with malice gleaming from his red eyes, rushed at him again, and Strut was forced to run. It was humiliating, and yet it saved our hero's life; for as the other strode exultingly back to the pen a shot rolled him over, and Peety leaped out of the second pen.

In the first pen there was a panic, as Peety knew there would be. Many of the turkeys could have escaped had they had sense enough to creep out through the hole by which they had entered. But, remarkable as was their shrewdness in evading the dangers which their forefathers had experienced for millions of generations, equally astounding was their stupidity in the face of this new peril



of which they had no hereditary knowledge. They had entered with their heads down, busily devouring corn, but, alarmed by the shot, they with one accord raised their heads, and vainly strove to escape through the crevices—purposely left in the roof—never once thinking of the hole below. It was a mean, unsportsmanlike trick to play on the poor birds, and, besides, it was against the law, and the hunting season was over—but what did Peety care?

Strut had flown to the next ridge, where he wandered lonely and disconsolate until he found another flock. When spring

and disconsolate until he found another flock. When spring came on he began to make ardent love to the hens, which soon brought about a feud. The previous lord and master sprang at him one day, full of rancor, and a furious battle ensued. Strut was slightly worsted, but his courage and ambition were not diminished. His opponent was heavier by far, but also older, and had not the quickness or endurance of the younger cock. When food had become abundant, and Strut felt himself full of strength and vitality, he accepted his adversary's challenge once more, and this time administered an unmerciful beating, and drove him from the flock.

A period of triumph followed.

flock.

A period of triumph followed. He strutted and danced before the hens in a manner unsurpassed, and his gobbling sounded enchanting in their ears, which, with the beauty of his person, made him irresistible. Frequently in the early morning he led the way to the old pasture field where he had first made the acquaintance of Peety, and as the sun rose, and the field resounded with the songs of larks and the woods with the barking of squirrels, he "gobbled" defiance to all the world.

Sometimes his flock fell in with others, and the whole hand.

Sometimes his flock fell in with others, and the whole band Sometimes his flock fell in with others, and the whole band continued together, headed by two or three gobblers. Sometimes he got separated from his flock and, after a savage conflict, took possession of another. He had many narrow escapes from sportsmen, and once received a charge of shot that all but ended his career. It occurred while he was pursuing an audacious rival who had attempted to usurp the leadership of the flock, and, after receiving a trouncing, was retreating down a disused wood road. A hunter saw them coming, and, dropping behind a rock, killed the foremost cock and knocked Strut off his footing. Strut regained his legs and darted over a bluff into a laurel thicket, where he crouched trembling and bleeding. His wings were not broken, but he was terribly hurt. After an hour the hunter returned with a dog, and poor Strut, after a supreme effort only, succeeded in reaching another rocky eminence, from which he got on his wings an

escaped.

When he was four years old he was beaten out of his flock

when he was four years old he was beaten out of his flock When he was four years old he was beaten out of his flock by his own son, and wandered a considerable time alone. But as the spring advanced, the old spirit of gallantry revived so strongly that he fell upon the cock of a flock he chanced to meet and they fought to a draw, and continued to head the flock together, amid continual bickerings. He had become so wise by this time that even the adroit Peety rarely caught a glimpse of him. But he was not satisfied, and finally wandered away from the flock and into a deep, solitary ravine where a large deer was his neighbor. When hounds got on the trail of the deer he was again forced to wander, and so strayed back to the scenes of his youth.

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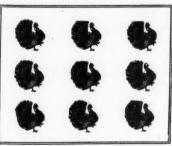
The old pasture field was just the same as when in life's early joyousness it had seemed to him a veritable paradise. There were the mullein-stalks and ragweeds on the slaty hill-sides, and the noisy killdees and larks were there as of old, and a squirrel barked as if welcoming his return; and there, too, was his flock. There were no disagreements now, for his son had been killed by a wildcat, and Peety had bagged more than half of the remainder of the flock. He was indefatigable, this shuffling, long-nosed, weasel eyed Peety. Along the tops of the ridges with catlike tread he stole, listening for the tell-tale scratching in the leaves, with the acuteness of a fox. And when, on one slope or the other, he detected the sound, he judged with unerring accuracy the direction they were taking, got ahead, and, hiding in their path, lay in wait for them. Strut's wisdom and experience served them well for a time, but Feety had an endless store of tricks "up his sleeve." One evening Strut sighted him, and sounded the alarm, and the flock scattered and remained so all night. But with the first hint of dawn, while the turkeys were still fast asleep, and an owl muttering and scolding, a slouchy form came gliding through the misty woods. It was Peety, of course, with his rusty double-barrel, and he noiselessly constructed by the side of a great log a pen of rotten limbs and sticks and dead leaves, inside of which he seated himself and waited. As soon as the forest was half light the turkeys began to awaken, and, confident of being safe, called to each other, and instantly the treacherous wing-bone was brought into service, and the work of slaughter began again.

Poor old Strut became once more separated from his flock, and roved forlorn and dejected for many days. But his trials



A little lad . . . carried him home in triumph

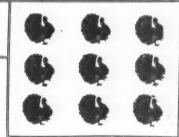
were to be ended at last in a most unexpected way, for he put his head, early one morning, into a snare which had been baited for a rabbit with a tempting piece of apple, and while the November frost was still thick on the grass, a little lad with blue overalls and a tattered straw hat carried him home



TURKEY HUNT

By FRANK L. STANTON

I hear de turkey callin' 'cross de woodlands, to his mate, En I sets my traps to ketch him, en I load my gun en wait, Kaze de white man on his trail, too, wid his finger on de trigger, Say, de turkey fer de white man, en de 'possum fer de nigger.



En my chance look slim; but my eye is on de limb; En I whistle fer de turkey lak his sweetheart callin' him. I raise a "blind" of brushwood, en I'm dar a-layin' low, Kaze he think he hear his sweetheart, en he coming soon,

Den sudden in de crisp air a sound lak music rings, Here come de fattest gobbler what has ever flopped his

En bang my rifle go-I got him now, I know; En he's lower dan de slickest of de rabbits layin' low. De white man hear my rifle, en he holler out my name, But I skeetin' cross de country wid de fattest of de game. De king of all de gobblers to de promised land has gone, We'll have turkey now fer dinner, en 'possum later on. Oh chilluns, pass yo' plate, no use to stan' en wait; Here's des de finest turkey ever flew'd across de state!



WITH CANVASBACK BLUEBILL AND



W HILE one of the most fascinating, duck shooting is

HILE one of the most fascinating, duck shooting is also one of the most trying of sports with the scatter gun—trying, for the reason that the season at which it can be legally enjoyed is one of the severest of the year, and that the conditions under which success is achieved to the greatest degree are productive of extreme discomfort to all but the hardy and well-seasoned sportsman.

The epicure who sits down to a canvasbuck or bluebill at his club or restaurant, unless perchance he be a duck hunter, knows little of the patience that has been exercised and the hardships encountered in bringing that particular bird to bag, There is no single exception on record. The swift-flying and wary birds are ever on the watch for danger, and the sportsman who brings one down, in Northern waters at least, has well won his reward.

The months of October and November, when the birds are in full flight from their breeding grounds in the North to a warmer clime, is the best period of the year for duck shooting.

There is scarcely a State in the Union that does not afford sport of the kind to a greater or lesser degree; for, unlike the shore bird, the duck will take cross-country routes to his winter quarters, and seems as well satisfied with the feeding grounds offered by the inland lakes as with those afforded by the bays, coves and inlets along the seaboard. The New England lakes and those of New York State, as well as the fresh-water bodies of Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan and the farsh water bodies of Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan and the Fash water bodies of the most famous duck waters known to Northern

to all who care to seek it, Perhaps the most famous duck waters known to Northern Perhaps the most famous duck waters known to Northern sportsmen, however, are those along the south shore of Long Island, and thence southward along the Atlantic shore to Chesapeake Bay and the sounds of the Virginia and Carolina coasts. In these waters grows the wild celery, of which duck, particularly canvasback, are especially fond. Along the shores are many club-houses of city sportsmen's organizations, and thousands upon thousands of acres have been either lease I or purchased, so as to exclude all other than club members from shooting privileges. Many a "tenderfoot"—speaking from the standpoint of the duck hunters—has protested against the exorbitant price charged for wild duck at Delmonico's, Sherry's and the better class of New York hotels—from three and a half to octor class of New York hotels—from three and a half to of our dollars for a single duck, and at times even in excess of this. Certain it is, however, that the average city sports-nan who kills duck for his own table pays from three to four imes this amount for every duck he bags. Indeed, were it tot for the market hunter, wild duck could not be had at any price, at the city club or restaurant; and at two dollars ach the market hunter earns every penny he receives for his pirds.

each the market hunter earns every penny he receives for his birds.

To really enjoy duck hunting one should be a member of a ducking club with from one thousand to five thousand acres of marsh land under constant patrol. These preserves are always selected because of their attractive location for the birds. They are provided with comfortable club-houses where warmth, good cheer, good service and many modified luxuries of the city club can be enjoyed—and these are invariably heartily appreciated after a long day in the blind or ducking boat. Such preserves are provided with guides who accompany the members to the marshes during the shooting season, and who look out for the club-house and shooting waters during the closed season. The rules of most of these clubs are strictly drawn and rigidly enforced. No shooting is allowed before a certain hour in the morning nor after a stipulated time in the afternoon, and in not a few organizations members are closely restricted as to the number of days on which they may shoot during a season and the number of guests they may invite to share in the sport. Initiation fees in such clubs vary from one hundred to one thousand dollars, with annual dues in proportion. Along Chesapeake Bay and Cursituals Sound the ceept of membershie in manter instances in in such clubs vary from one hundred to one thousand dollars, with annual dues in proportion. Along Chesapeake Bay and Currituck Sound the cost of membership in many instances is much higher. One club facing the last-mentioned waters holds its shares at twenty-five thousand dollars each, and has but six members, residents of New York and Boston. This club, however, owns its land and surrounding marshes, on a famous duck-shooting island in the sound.

Many are the devices resorted to by hunters to get within shooting distance of the flocks or bring the birds within range of the guns. Among these are the sink-box, a coffin-like affair which sinks almost flush with the water when occupied. It is provided with slanting wings on each side so as to break the wash of the waves and prevent their entering the box, which is just long and wide enough to permit a single man to lie flat upon his back in the bottom. The box, with the shooter aboard, is towed by an oarsman to a likely spot off shore and anchored. The attendant then floats the decoys from one or both sides of the box, and after the occupant has loaded two guns to be placed within easy reach, and laid himself upon his back in his strange craft, the attendant rows off to shore and leaves the sportsman to himself and the companionship of his decoys. It is no sinecure, this lying prone upon one's back in an open box, with the chill winds whipping the spray over the wings until it coats the hunter in a mantle of frozen mist. Ten to one, a driving sleet or cold rain takes a hand in contributing to one's discomfort, and as time goes on even the most patient of sportsmen finds himself wishing the birds would either arrive or else notify him definitely as to their intentions.

In good ducking weather, however, the birds in season are fairly plentiful, and, as they are kept moving by the gunners, are not long in spying the decoys. The swift rush of their bodies and the beating of the air by their pinions is the signal to the sportsman. Upon hearing it he suddenly sits bolt upright in the box, seizes a gun and fires as the startled birds take wing. If he is quick, he can get off one or both barrels of a second gun before the birds are out of range, and it depends upon his skill and experience as to how big a bag he makes.

Shooting from "sneak-boxes"—a flat-bottomed craft con-

s. poting from "sneak-boxes"—a flat-bottomed craft con-Shooting from "sheak-boxes"—a nat-bottomed crait con-cealed by seaweed or brushwood—and from blinds along shore, are other methods in vogue. Whatever the method, however, duck shooting is a sport which only the sturdy gunner can persist in and which only the well-seasoned sportsman can fully enjoy. HARRY PALMER.

WITH "REEDIES" THE MARSH AND RAILS

To THE fortunate man who annually travels far to broad plan or seldom-disturbed cover, who is accustomed to the making of fair bags of grouse, quail, snipe, cock or waterfowl, the shooting of the rail and the reedbird does not appeal. To such a man the summer sport of our nearby marshes is too slow, the game too insignificant and the setting too commonplace. He can get more action amid finer surroundings, more of the blessed widness of the world beautiful and more imposing quarry. He gets them all and forgets his less fortunate brother—the patiently toiling one, who, had he the means and time, would right gladly hit din, remote trails, but, lacking the essentials, is compelled, like a chained dog, to nose around within the length of his business tether.

who, had he the means and time, would right gladly hit dim, remote trails, but, lacking the essentials, is compelled, like achained dog, to nose around within the length of his business techer.

That there are many—far too many—such men is a regrettable fact, but unfortunately present conditions too frequently demand the bending of the spirit of the falcon to the ceaseless task of the bee—the storing of hard-won accumulations for the benefit of questionable parties who control many bees and who wouldn't hesitate to mash one if they suspected that he wasn't keeping good and busy. Yet even the cribbed, cabined and confined occasionally break away and enjoy their bit of sport on nearby marsh and beach, and of their short list of game birds they take fair toll. To the surf-pounded beaches come each season varying flights of waders, great and small, but, strangely enough, in this matter of playing a gane with the game, the two most reliable factors are not, properly speaking, game birds at all.

The reedbird, termed "reedie" by the marsh men, is in reality the well-known bobolink (Botichonyx oryzivorus), an icteroid singing-bird, known also as ricebird, skunk-blackbird and butter-bird in different parts of the country. The male is the minstrel of the meadow, and during the spring and early summer he is the most conspicuous and charming figure of the pastoral landscape. His body color of velvet-black, boldly relieved by rich cream and white, would not fail to attract attention, even if his small marvel-throat lacked its witchery of song. The rollicking melody of this bird is the cheeriest of all bird efforts. The ripple of a merry maiden's laugh, the foamy mirth of a woodland cascade, if blended with the tinkle of wee golden bells, might imitate it; the pen cannot. When heard at its best, the bird is drifting upon laxy, ebon wings above soft waves of sunlit grasses.

When in the humor, the bobolink is a swift filer, and this is never better exemplified than when two or more amorous males dash away in pursuit of the m

to be knocking about in swell attire and serenading and chasing females, he bottles up his song, puts on working clothes and, like many a man, hustles in the commissariat department to satisfy the half-dozen gaping mouths in the grass-screened

and, like many a man, hustles in the commissariat department to satisfy the half-dozen gaping mouths in the grass-screened nest.

When the young have grown strong upon the wing, the birds of several meadows unite in one large flock and attack the ripening oats. Thence they betake themselves to the marshes, to pose as recabirds after they have fattened upon the nutritious seeds of the wild rice. As the birds fly in dense flocks, their killing is entirely too easy for any sportsman worthy of the name. Indeed, the only man I would pardon for such shooting is the poor tied-to-business chap who can only slip away for a day now and then. Because a man is worth more than many flocks of reedbirds, I might forgive the transgressor who had to take his crumb of sport in that form or not at all; but a sportsman—never!

No man able to enjoy other and higher forms of sport has an excuse for blazing away at flocks of "pinking" reedbirds and perhaps tumbling from fifteen to twenty of them to a double shot. It is true their fat little bodies make good eating, but who could think of the wonderful song and then devour the minstrel? "I have eaten the canary"—faugh! No! The amount of pleasure derived by a limited number of people from the annual slaughter of thousands of reedbirds is no fair compensation for the resultant loss of the bobolink's spring music. Furthermore, the good accomplished by these birds in destroying insects and other foes to the farmer, while it cannot be correctly estimated, unquestionably is of great importance. We know that during the nesting season the bobolink destroys considerable quantities of army and cotton worms, grasshoppers, crickets, and, presumably, ants and wireworms. The services thus rendered, the song and beauty of the bird, are worth infinitely more than the young oats destroyed. The inexorable demands of fashion have already played such havoc among our most beautiful and useful songbirds that we would be wiser in allowing the bobolink to safely pass through the reedbird stage of his existen

pot-hunter who slaughters "reedies" for the pennies their poor little bodies bring! That man would glory over a pot-shot at an angel.

The rail, or sora (Porzana carolina), is, however, an entirely different proposition. It has no more music than a tin can tumbling down a rocky height—its quaint, metallic chatter somewhat resembling the low, hurried notes of a startled guinea-fowl. It is a wader, a haunter of the wet marsh and meadow and the borders of ponds and streams. In such cool haunts it finds shelter, food and a nesting-place. It reaches our marshes in May and the first sharp frost of autumn sends it southward—its northward and southward movements both being influenced by the weather. The ordinary short, apparently feeble, flight is apt to cause wonder over how the rail can traverse the great distances its migrations are known to cover. Possibly such toilsome journeyings are judiciously divided into easy stages, but probably the birds select favorable weather, rise high and are borne in the desired direction by moderate winds. The fact of rails sometimes alighting upon ships far out at sea strengthens this theory.

The rail is a striking illustration of Nature's ability to meet certain conditions. The general yellowish-brown, striped color-effect blends curiously with the stems of reeds, rice and other water-loving growths. The deep, narrow body appears to have been specially designed for an easy passage through dense cover, while the strong legs

and long, wide-spreading toes combine swiftness with the ability to trip lightly over floating foliage which would not support a bird having feet of the ordinary type. Having these advantages, the rail is a difficult bird to flush, except at high tide, when the cover is almost submerged. It can glide through the grass like a field-mouse, or trot over the surface of a pond as if upon solid ground instead of a few floating weeds. It swims and dives fairly well, and, if compelled, will work under floating stuff and lie hidden, with only its slender bill above water.

The adult rail measures about eight inches in length and about fourteen inches from tip to tip of extended wings. The general color above is golden brown with blackish markings in the centres of most of the feathers, a few of which are also bordered with white. A black stripe extends to the back of the head, encircles the bill and broadens upon the throat. The sides of the head and neck and the breast are bluish slate, which pales into whitish upon the lower under parts. The bill is greenish, shading into yellow upon the lower mandible; lower tail-coverts, brownish white; flanks and inside of wings, barred with white and sepia; legs, yellowish green. Young birds lack the conspicuous black markings, the general coloration being browner with a lighter mark on the upper throat.

In Jersey, the general coloration being browner with a lighter mark on the upper throat.

In Jersey, the gunners almost invariably speak of "railbirds"; other local names are sora, "water-hen" and "chicken-bill." Under any name the rail is by no means to be despised, but it has one peculiarity which no one has satisfactorily explained. Not infrequently a bird too closely approached appears to be stricken by a fit. In this condition, it may be picked up and handled as though dead. Place it among shot birds in the boat, and presently it will revive and scuttle overboard or fly clear away. Birds untouched by shot have repeatedly done this.

Owing to the rail's habit of skulking in dense cover, it affords sport only in tide-waters and at high tide. Then the marsh growths are so much submerged that a boat may readily be pushed over or through them and the almost shelterless rail be forced to take wing. At low tide, a man might flounder about for hours without getting a shot, though hundreds of birds were skulking close at hand.

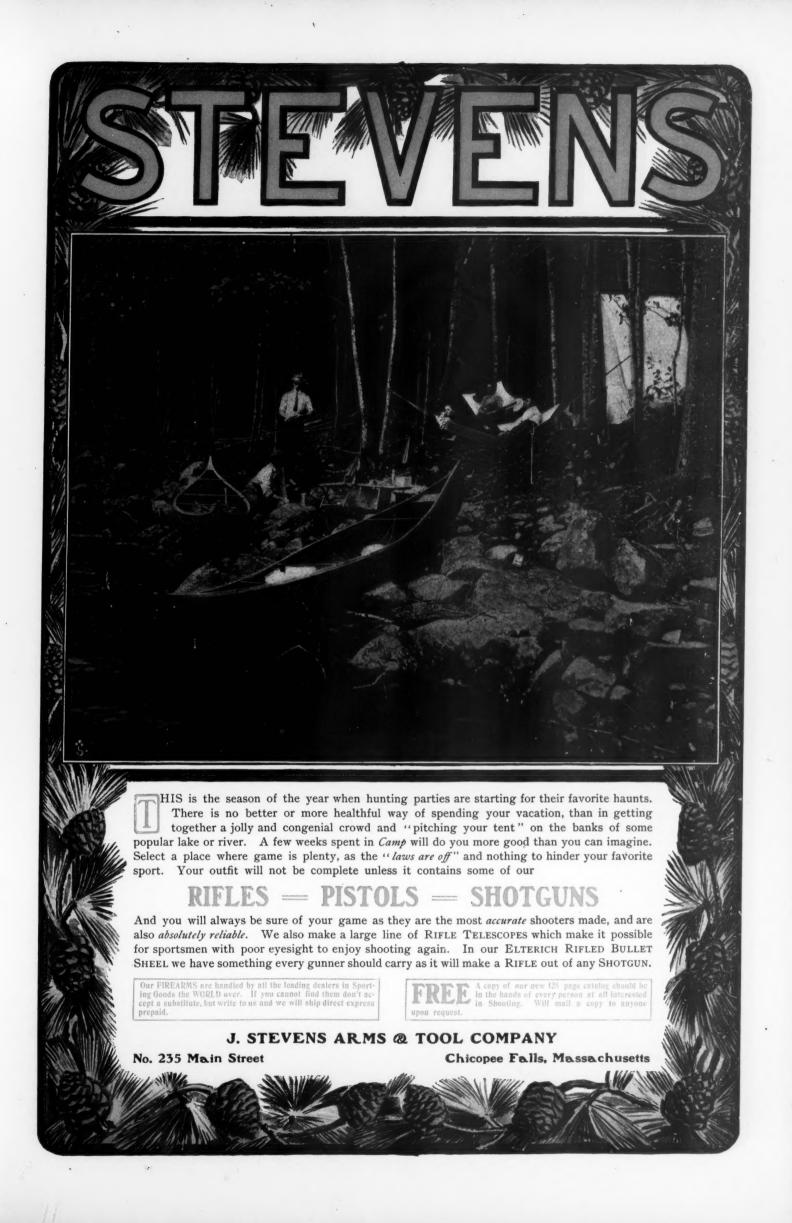
The abouting of the rail is accurately accurately

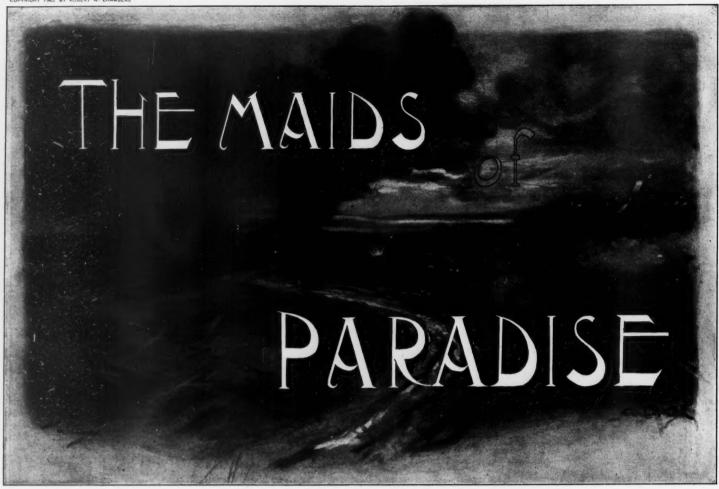
shot, though hundreds of birds were skulking close at hand.

The shooting of the rail is comparatively easy because the birds usually rise within a few yards and are slow on the Wing. A sixteen or twenty-gauge double hammerless is the proper gun, for its small pattern demands great accuracy, which, of course, adds the more zest to the sport. The other requisites include a good boat and a competent man to act as "pusher." His business is to pole or push the boat through the best cover, to direct attention to rising birds, and to mark down and secure those that fall; also to flatter a duffer and gloat over a good shot; to swear audibly, or under his breath, as circumstances may appear to warrant; to accept all drinks offered and hint in divers quaint ways when they are coming too slowly; to get more birds than any other boat, and to correctly figure just how much his employer can safely be touched for when the sport is over.

The amount of shooting largely depends upon the tide. As a rule, the higher the tide the better the sport, but in any event the outing is apt to prove thoroughly enjoyable. The sunshine, mild excitement, change from usual occupation, backed by the salt strength of the marshes, is no bad medicine for a hard-worked man. He may fire from twenty to one hundred shells and make from a very small to an extremely heavy bag of plump, excellent birds. This true this is a trifle rough on the rail, but a bird that dies to do a man good has not lived in vain—as a Paddy might remark. So soon as the lowering waters have uncovered a certain amount of lush growths the sport ends, for then the rail cannot be in duced to rise from their sodden screen.

EDWYN SANDYS. EDWYN SANDYS.





ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Ashes of Empire," "Lorraine," "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

CHAPTER I At the Telegraph

N THE third day of August, 1870, I left Paris in search of John Buckhurst.
On the fourth of August I lost all traces of Mr. Buckhurst near the frontier, in the village of Morsbronn. The remainder of the day I spent in acquiring that "general information" so dear to the officials in Paris, whose flimsy systems of intelligence had already begun to break down. On August fifth, about eight o'clock in the morning, the military telegraph instrument in the operator's room over the temporary barracks of the Third Hussars, clicked out the call for urgency—not the usual military signal, but a secret sequence understood only by certain officers of the Imperial Military Police. The operator on duty, therefore, stepped

call for urgency—not the usual military signal, but a secret sequence understood only by certain officers of the Imperial Military Police. The operator on duty, therefore, stepped into my room and waited while I took his place at the wire. I had been using the code-book, that morning, preparing despatches for Paris, and now, at the first series of significant clicks, I dropped my left middle finger on the key, and repeated the signal to Paris, using the required variations. Then I rose, locked the door and returned to the table.

"Who is this?" came over the wire in the secret code; and I answered at once: "Inspector of Foreign Division, Imperial Military Police, on duty at Morsbronn, Alsace."

After considerable delay the next message arrived in the Morse code: "Is that you, Scarlet?" And I replied: "Yes? Who are you? Why do you not use the code? Repeat the code signal and your number!"

The signal was repeated; then came the message: "This is the Tuileries. You have my authority to use the Morse code for the sake of brevity. Do you understand? I am Jarras. The Empress is here." Instantly reassured by the message from Colonel Jarras, head of the bureau to which I was attached, I answered that I understood. Then the telegrams began to fly, all in the Morse code:

Jarras: "Have you caught Brockhurst?"—I: "No."

Jarras: "Have you caught Brockhurst?"—I: "There's confusion enough on the frontier to cover the escape of a hundred thieves."

Jarras: "Your reply alarms the Empress. State briefly."

thieves."

Jarras: "Your reply alarms the Empress. State briefly the present position of the First Corps."—I: "The First Corps still occupies the heights in a straight line about seven kilometres long; the plateau is covered with vineyards. Is small rivers are in front of us; the Vosges are behind us; the right flank pivots on Morsbronn, the left on Neehwiller, the centre covers Woerth. We have had forty-eight hours' heavy rain."

Jarras: "Where are the Germans?"—I: "Precise information not obtainable at headquarters of the First Corps."

Jarras: "Does the Marshal not know where the Germans are?"—I: "Marshal MacMahon does not know definitely."

Jarras: "Does the Marshal not employ his cavalry? Where are they?"—I: "Septeuil's Cavalry of the Second Division lie between Elsasshausen and the Grosser-Wald; Michel's brigade of heavy cavalry camps at Eberbach; the second division of cavalry of the reserve, General Vicomte de Bonnemain, should arrive to-night and go into bivouae between Reichshoffen and the Grosser-Wald."

There was a long pause; I lighted a cigar and waited, fter a while the instrument began again:

Jarras: "The Empress desires to know where the château "The Empress desires to know where the château

called La Trappe is."—I: "La Trappe is about four kilometres from Morsbronn, near the hamlet of Trois-Feuilles."

Javras: "It is understood that Madame de Vassart's group of socialists are about to leave La Trappe for Paradise in Morbihan. It is possible that Buckhurst has taken refuge among them. Therefore, you will proceed to La Trappe. Do you understand?"—I: "Perfectly."

Javras: "If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us, you will find and arrest the following individuals: Claude Tavernier, late professor of law, Paris School of Law; Achille Bazard, ex-instructor in mathematics, Fontainebleau Artillery School; Dr. Leo Delmont, ex-interne, Charity Hospital, Paris; Mile. Sylvia Elven, lately of the Odéon; the Countess de Vassart, well known for her eccentricities. You will affix the government seals to the house as usual; you will then escort the people named to the nearest point on the Belgian frontier. The Countess de Vassart usually dresses like a common peasant. Look out that she does not slip through your fingers. Repeat your instructions." I repeated them from my memoranda.

There was a pause, then click! click! the instrument gave the code signal that the matter was ended, and I repeated the

from my memoranda.

There was a pause, then click! click! the instrument gave the code signal that the matter was ended, and I repeated the signal, opened my code book, and began to translate the instructions into cipher for safety's sake.

When I had finished, and had carefully destroyed my first pencilled memoranda, the steady bumping of artillery passing through the street under the windows drew my attention. It proved to be the expected batteries of the reserve going into park between the two brigades of Raoult's division of infantry. I telegraphed the news to the observatory on the Col du Pigeonnier, then walked back to the window and looked out.

Col du Pigeonnier, then walked back to the window and looked out.

It had begun to rain again; down the solitary street of Morsbronn the artillery rolled, jolting; cannoniers wrapped in their wet gray overcoats, limber caissons and horses plastered with mud. The slim cannon, with canvas-wrapped breeches uptilted, dripped from their depressed muzzles, like lank monsters, slavering and discouraged.

A battery of Montigny mitrailleuses passed, grotesque, hump-backed little engines of destruction. To me there was always something repulsive in the shape of these stunted cannon—these malicious metal cripples with their heavy bodies and sunister, flithy mouths.

Before the drenched artillery had rattled out of Morsbronn the rain once more fell in floods, pouring a perpendicular torrent from the transparent gray heavens; and the roar of the downpour on slate roofs and ancient gables drowned the pounding of the passing cannon.

Where the Vosges Mountains tower in obscurity, a curtain of rain joined earth and sky; the rivers ran yellow, brimful, foaming at the fords. The semaphore on the mountain of the Pigeonnier was not visible; but across the bridge, where the Gunstett highway spanned the Sauer, gray masses of the Nieder-Wald loomed through the rain.

Somewhere in that spectral forest, Prussian cavalry were hidden, watching the heights where our drenched divisions lay. Behind that forest a German army was massing, fresh from the combat in the north, where the tragedy of Wissembourg had been enacted only the day before, in the presence of the entire French army—the awful spectacle of a single

division of seven thousand men suddenly enveloped and crushed by seventy thousand Germans.

The rain fell steadily but less heavily. I went back to my instrument and called up the station on the Col du Pigeonnier, asking for information, but got no reply, the storm doubtless interfering.

Officers of the Third Hussars were continually tramping up and down the muddy stairway, laughing, joking, swearing at the rain, or shouting for their horses when the trumpets sounded in the street below.

I watched the departing squadron splashing away down the street, which was now running water like a river, then I changed my civilian clothes for a hussar uniform, sent a trooper to find me a horse, and sat down by the window to stare at the downpour and think how best I might carry out my instructions to a successful finish.

The colony at La Trappe was, as far as I could judge, a product of conditions which had, a hundred years before, culminated in the French Revolution. Now, in 1870, but under different circumstances, all France was once more disintegrating, socially. Opposition to the Empire, to the dynasty, to the government, had been seething for years; now the separate crystals which formed on the edges of the boiling undercurrents began to grow into masses which, adhering to other masses, interfered with the healthy functions of national life.

Until recently, however, while among the dissatisfied there existed a certain tendency toward cohesion, and while, more

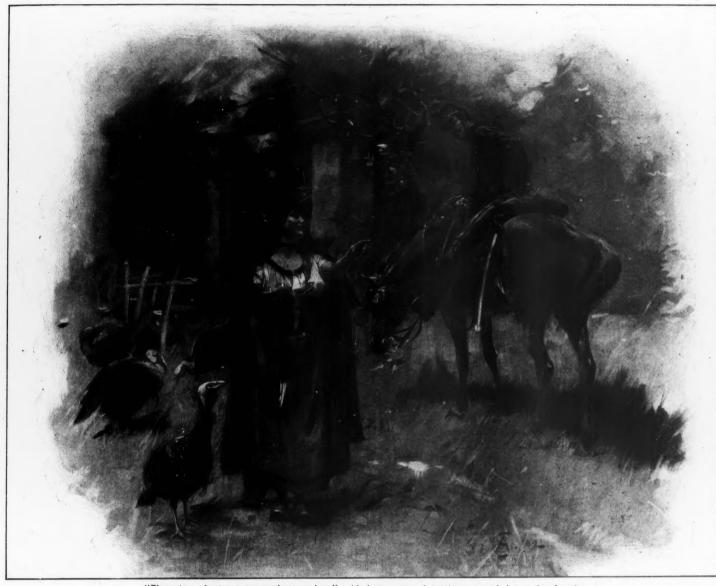
boiling undercurrents began to grow into masses which, adhering to other masses, interfered with the healthy functions of national life.

Until recently, however, while among the dissatisfied there existed a certain tendency toward cohesion, and while, moreover, adhesive forces mutually impelled separate groups of malcontents to closer union, the government found nothing alarming in the menaces of individuals or of isolated groups. The Emperor always counted on such opposition in Paris; the Palace of the Tuileries was practically a besieged place, menaced always by the faubourgs—a castle before which lay eternally the sullen, unorganized multitude over which the municipal police kept watch.

That opposition, hatred and treason existed never worried the government, but that this opposition should remain unorganized occupied the authorities constantly.

Groups of individuals who proclaimed themselves devotees of social theories interested us only when the groups grew large or exhibited tendencies to unite with similar groups. Clubs formed to discuss social questions were not observed very closely, but clubs founded upon moderate principles were always closely surveyed.

In the faubourgs, where every street had its bawling orator, and where the red flag was waved when the community had become sufficiently drunk, the government was quietly content to ignore proceedings, wisely understanding that the mouths of street orators were the safety-valves of the faubourgs, and that through them the ebullitions of the under-world escaped with nothing more serious than a few vinous shrieks. There were, however, certain secret and semi-secret organizations which caused the government concern. First among these came the International Society of Workingmen with all its affilhations—the "International," as it was called. In its wake trailed minor societies, some mild and harmless, some dangerous and secret, some violent, advocating openly the destruction of all existing conditions. Small groups of anarchusts had already at tracte



"There is a short cut across that meadow," said the young girl, raising a rounded, sun-tinted arm

and had absorbed them or tainted them with doctrines dangerous to the state.

gerous to the state.

In time these groups began to adhere even more closely to the large bodies of the people; a party was born, small at first, embodying contlicting communistic principles.

The government watched it. Presently it split, as do all parties; yet here the paradox was revealed of a small party splitting into two larger halves. To one of these halves adhered the Red Republicans, the government opposition of the Extreme Left, the Opportunists, the Anarchists, certain Socialists, the so-called Communards, and, finally, the vast mass of the sullen, teeming faubourgs. It became a party, closely affiliated with the International, a colossal, restless, unorganized menace, harmless only because unorganized.

ganized.

And the police were expected to keep it harmless. The other remaining half of the original party began to dwindle almost immediately, until it became only a group. With one exception, all those whom the police and the government regarded as inclined to violence left the group. There remained, with this one exception, a nucleus of earnest, thoughtful people whose creed was in part the creed of the International—the creed of universal brotherhood, equality before the law, purity of individual living as an example and an incentive to a national purity.

purity of individual living as an example and an incentive to a national purity.

To this inoffensive group came one day a young widow, the Countess de Vassart, placing at their disposal her great wealth, asking only to be received among them as a comrade.

Her history, as known to the police, was peculiar and rather sad. At sixteen she had been betrothed to an elderly, bull-necked colonel of cavalry, the notorious Count de Vassart, who needed what money she might bring him to maintain his reputation as the most brilliantly dissolute old rake in Paris.

his reputation as the most brilliantly dissolute old rake in Paris.

At sixteen, Eline de Trécourt was a thin, red-haired girl with rather large, grayish eyes. Speed and I saw her, once, sitting in her carriage before the Ministry of War a year after her marriage. There had been bad news from Mexico, and there were mamy handsome equipages standing at the gates of the War Office, where lists of killed and wounded were posted every day.

I noticed her particularly because of her reputed wealth and the evil reputation of her husband, who it was said was so open in his contempt for her that the very afternoon of their marriage he was seen publicly driving on the Champs Elysées with a pretty and popular actress of the Odéon.

As I passed, glancing up at her, the sadness of her face impressed me, and I remember wondering how much the death of her husband had to do with it—for his name had appeared in the evening papers under the heading, "Killed in Action."

It was several years later before the police began to take an interest in the Comtesse Eline de Vassart. She had withdrawn entirely from society, had founded a non-sectarian free school in Passy, was interested in certain charities and refuges

for young working girls, when, on a visit to England, she met Karl Marx, then a fugitive and under sentence of death.

From that moment social questions occupied her, and her doings interested the police, especially when she returned to Paris and took her place once more in Royalist circles, where every baby was bred from the cradle to renounce the Tuleries, the Emperor, and all his works.

every baby was bred from the classes.

the Emperor, and all his works.

Serious, tender-hearted, charitable, and intensely interested

Serious, tender-hearted, charitable, and intensely interested

the conservative society of the Noble Faubourg, aroused the distrust of the governmented offended the Tuileries, and finally committed the mistake oriended the Tuneries, and many committed the mistake or receiving at her own house that notorious group of malcon-tents headed by Henri Rochefort—whose revolutionary news-paper, "La Marseillaise," doubtless needed pecuniary support. Her dossier—for, alas! the young girl already had a dossier —was interesting, particularly in its summing up of her per-

was interesting, particularly in his summing up of the personal character:

"To the naive ignorance of a convent pensionnaire she adds an innocence of mind, a purity of conduct and a credulity which render her an easy prey to the adroit who play upon her sympathies. She is dangerous only as a source of revenue for dangerous men."

It was from her salon that young Victor Noir went to his death at Auteuil on the tenth of January; and possibly the shock of the murder and the almost universal conviction that justice under the Empire was hopeless, drove the young countess to seek a refuge in the country where, at her house of La Trappe, she could quietly devote her life to helping the desperately wretched, and where she could, in security, hold counsel with those who also had chosen to give their lives to the noblest of all works—charity and the propaganda of universal brotherhood.

security, hold counsel with those who also had chosen to give their lives to the noblest of all works—charity and the propagands of universal brotherhood.

And here, at La Trappe, the young aristocrat first donned the robe of democracy, dedicated her life and fortune to the cause, and worked with her own delicate hands for every morsel of bread that passed her lips.

Now this was all very weil while it lasted, for her father, the choleric old Comte de Trécourt, had died rich, and the young girl's charities were doubled, and there was nobody to stay her hand or draw the generous purse-strings—nobody to advise her or to stop her. On the contrary, there were plenty of people standing around with outstretched, itching and sometimes dirty hands, ready to snatch at the last centime.

Who was there to administer her affairs—who among the generous, impetuous, ill-balanced friends who surrounded her? Not the noble-minded geographer, Elisée Reclus; not the fiery citizen-count, Rochefort; not the handsome, cultivated Gustave Flourens, already fey with the doom to which he had been born; not that kindly visionary, the Vicomte de Coursay-Delmont, now discarding his ancient title to be known only among his grateful penniless patients as Doctor Delmont; and surely not Professor Tavernier, nor yet that militant hermit, the young Chevalier de Gray, calling himself plain Monsieur Bazard, who chose democracy justead of the brilliant career to which Gramont had des-

tined him, and whose sensitive and perhaps diseased mind had never recovered from the shock of the murder of his comrade, Victor Noir.

But the simple life at La Trappe, the negative protest against the Empire and all existing social conditions, the purity of motive, the serene and inspired self-abnegation, could not save the colony at La Trappe nor the young chatelaine from the claws of those who prey upon the in-

nocence of the generous.

And so came to this ideal community one John Buckhurst, a stranger, quiet, suave, deadly pale—a finely molded man with delicately fashioned hands and feet, and two eyes so colorless that in some lights they appeared to be almost sightless.

sightless.

In a month from that time he was the power that moved that community even in its most insignificant machinery. With a marvellous skill he constructed out of that simple republic of protestants an absolute despotism. And he

with a marvellous skill he constructed out of that simple republic of protestants an absolute despotism. And he was the despot.

The avowed object of the society was the advancement of universal brotherhood, of liberty and equality; the annihilation of those arbitrary barriers called national frontiers, in short, a society for the encouragement of the millennium—which, however, appeared to be coy.

And, before the eyes of his brother dreamers, John Buckhurst quietly cancelled the entire programme at one stroke—and nobody understood that it was cancelled when, in a community founded upon equality and fraternity, he raised another edifice to crown it, a sort of working model as an example to the world, but limited. And down went democracy without a sound.

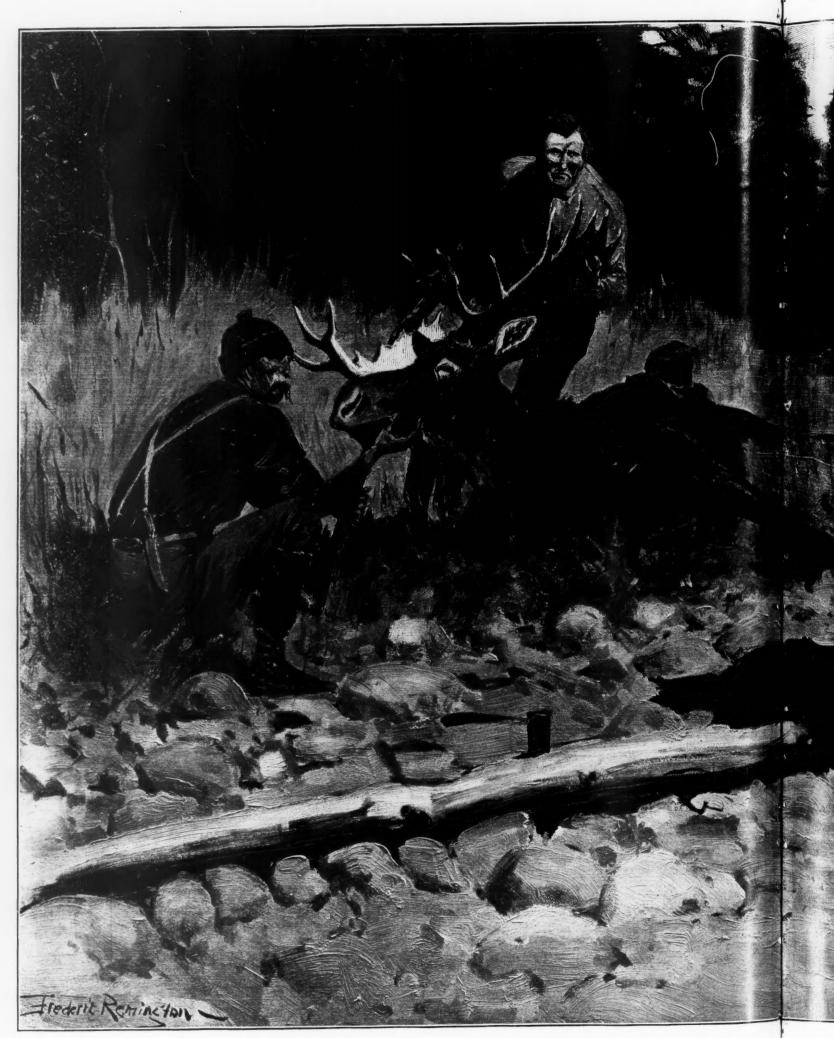
This working model was a superior community which was established at the Breton home of the Countess de Vassart, a large stone house in the hamlet of Paradise in Morbihan.

An intimation from the Tuileries interrupted a meeting of the council at the house in Paradise; an arrest was threatened—that of Professor Reclus—and the indignant young countess was requested to retire to her château of La Trappe. She obeyed, but invited her guests to accompany her. Among those who accepted was Buckhurst.

About this time the government began to take a serious interest in John Buckhurst. On the secret staff of the Imperial Military Police were always certain foreigners, among others myself and a young man named James Speed; and Colonel Jarras had already decided to employ us in watching Buckhurst when war came on France Fke a bolt from the blue, giving the men of the Secret Service all they could attend to.

In the shameful indecision and confusion attending the first few days after the declaration of war against Prussia, Buckhurst when war came on France Fke a bolt from the blue, giving the men of the Secret Service all they could attend to every the shame of the general process of the century.

The secret history of that unhappy war will never be fully



SECGNI
DRAWN BY FREDERIC RI HIS



GND SHOT

FREDERIC REMINGTON



THE MAIDS OF PARADISE



written. Prince Bismarck has let the only remaining cat out of the bag; the other cats are dead. Nor will all the strange secrets of the Tuileries ever be brought to light, fortunately.

Still, at this time, there is no reason why it should not be generally known that the crown jewels of France were menaced from the very first by a conspiracy so alarming, and apparently so irresistible, that the Emperor himself believed, even in the beginning of the fatal campaign, that it might be necessary to send the crown jewels of France to the Bank of England for safety.

On the 19th of July, the day that war was declared, certain of the crown jewels kept temporarily at the Palace of the Tuileries were sent under heavy guards to the Bank of France. Every precaution was taken; yet the great diamond crucifix of Louis XI. was missing when the guard under Captain Siebert turned over the treasures to the Governor of the Bank of France.

Instantly absolute secrecy was ordered, which I, for one, believed to be a great mistake. Yet the Emperor desired it, doubtless for the same reasons which always led him to suppress any affair which might give the public an idea that the opposition to the government was worthy of the government's attention.

attention.

So the news of the robbery never became public property, but from one end of France to the other the gendarmerie, the police, local, municipal and secret, were stirred up to activity. Within forty-eight hours, an individual answering Buckhurst's description had sold a single enormous diamond for two hundred and fifty thousand francs to a dealer in Strassbourg—a Jew named Fishel Cohen, who, counting on the excitement produced by the war and the topsy-turvy condition of the city, supposed that such a transaction would create no interest.

create no interest.

Mr. Cohen was wrong; an hour after he had recorded the transaction at the Strassbourg Diamond Exchange, he and the diamond were on their way to Paris in charge of a detective. A few hours later, the stone was identified at the Tuileries as having been taken from the famous crucifix of Louis XI.

Tuileries as having been taken from the famous crucifix of Louis XI.

From Fishel Cohen's agonized description of the man who had sold him the diamond Colonel Jarras believed he recognized John Buckhirst. But how on earth Buckhirst had obtained access to the jewels, or how he had managed to spirit away the cross from the very centre of the Tuileries, could only be explained through the theory of accomplices among the trusted intimates of the Imperial entourage. And if there existed such a conspiracy, who was involved?

It is violating no secret now to admit that every soul in the Tuileries, from highest to lowest, was watched. Even the Governor of the Bank of France did not escape the attentions of the secret police. For it was certain that somebody in the Imperial confidence had betrayed that confidence in a shocking manner, and Heaven alone knew how far the conspiracy had spread or who was involved in the most daring and shameless robbery that had been perpetrated in France since the Cardinal de Rohan and his gang stole the celebrated necklace of Marie Antoinette.

dinal de Ronan and ms game sold de Ronan and ms game sold de Ronan and ms game sold de Ronan and ms tat all certain that the remaining jewels of the French crown were safe in Paris. The precautions taken to ensure their safety and the result of those precautions are matters of history, but nobody outside of a small, strangely assorted company of people could know what actually happened to the crown jewels of France in 1870, or what pieces, if any are still missing. if any, are still mis-

if any, are still missing.

My chase after Buckhurst began as soon as Colonel Jarras could summon me; and as Buckhurst had last been heard of in Strassbourg, I went after him on a train loaded with redlegged, uproarious soldiers who sang all day:

"As tu vu Bismarck
A la porte du cabare
Qui buvait la goutte
Avec Badinguet!"

and had drunk themselves into a shameful frenzy long before

the train thundered into Avricourt.

I tracked Buckhurst to Morsbronn, where I lost all traces of

I tracked Buckhurst to Morsbronn, where I lost all traces of him; and now here I was with my orders concerning the unfortunate people at La Trappe, staring out at the dismal weather and wondering where my wild-goose chase would end.

I went to the door and called for the military telegraph operator whose instrument I had been permitted to monopolize. He came, a pleasant, jaunty young fellow, munching a crust of dry bread and brushing the crumbs from his scarlet trousers.

let trousers.

"In case I want to communicate with you I'll signal th
tower on the Col du Pigeonnier," I said. "Come up to th

loft overhead."

The loft in the house, which had now been turned into a cavalry barracks, was just above my room—a large attic under the ancient gables, black with the stains of centuries, littered with broken furniture, discarded clothing, and the odds and ends cherished by the thrifty Alsatian peasant who never throws away anything from the day of his birth to the day of his death. And, given a long line of forefathers equally thrifty, and an ancient, high-gabled house where his ancestors first began collecting discarded refuse, the attic of necessity was a marvel of litter and decay, among which generations of pigeons had built nests and raised countless broods of squealing squabs.

first began collecting discarded refuse, the action of necessary was a marvel of litter and decay, among which generations of pigeons had built nests and raised countless broods of squealing squabs.

Into this attic we climbed, edged our way toward a high window out of which the leaded panes had long since tumbled earthward, and finally stood together, looking out over the mountains of the Alsatian frontier.

The rain had ceased; behind the Col du Pigeonnier sunshine fell through a rift in the watery clouds. It touched the rushing river, shining on foaming fords where our cavalry pickets were riding in the river mist.

Somewhere up in the vineyards behind us an infantry band was playing; away among the wet hills to the left the struming vibrations of wet druns marked the arrival of a regiment from goodness knows where; and presently we saw them, their gray overcoats and red trousers soaked almost black with rain, rifles en bandoulière, trudging patiently up the muddy slope above the town. Something in the plodding steps of those wet little soldiers touched me. Bravely their soaked drums battered away, bravely they dragged their clumsy feet after them, brightly and gayly the breaking sun touched their crimson forage-caps and bayonets, and the swords of mounted officers—but to me they were only a

pathetic troop of perplexed peasants, dragged out of the bosom of France to be huddled and herded in a strange pasture, where death watched them from the forest yonder, marking them for slaughter with near-sighted Teutonic eyes. A column of white cloud suddenly capped the rocks on the vineyard above. Bang! and something came whistling with a curious, birdlike cry over the village of Morsbronn, flying far out across the valley; and among the pines of the Prussian forest a point of flame flashed, a distant explosion echoed.

Down in the street below us an old man came tottering from his little shop, peering sidewise up into the sky.

"Il pleut bergère," called out the operator beside me in a bantering voice.

"If pleut bergere," cancer our the open an above bantering voice.
"It will rain—builets," said the old man simply, and returned to his shop to drag out a chair on the door-sill and sit and listen to the shots which our cavalry outposts were exchanging with the Prussian scouts.
"Poor old chap," said the operator; "it will be hard for him. He was with the Grand Emperor at-Jena."
"You speak as though our army were already on the run," I said.

said.
"Yes," he replied indifferently, "we'll soon be on the run."
After a moment I said: "I'm going to ride to La Trappe.
wish you would send those messages to Paris."
"All right," he said.
Half an hour later I rode out of Morsbronn, clad in the uni-

form of the Third Hussars—a disguise supposed to convey the idea to those at La Trappe that the army, and not the police, were responsible for their expulsion.

idea to those at La Trappe that the army, and not the police, were responsible for their expulsion.

The warm August sunshine slanted in my face as I galloped away up the vineyard road and out on to the long plateau where, on every hillock, a hussar picket sat his wiry horse, carbine poised, gazing steadily toward the east.

Over the sombre Prussian forests mist hung; away to the north the sun glittered on the steel helmets and armor of the heavy cavalry, just arriving. And, on the Col du Pigeonnier, I saw tiny specks move, flags signalling the arrival of the Vicomte de Bonneman with the "gros cavalerie," the splendid cuirassier regiments destined in a few hours to join the cuirassiers of Waterloo, riding into that bright Valhalla where all good soldiers shall hear the last trumpet-call, "Dismount!"

With a lingering glance at the rivers which separated us from German soil, I turned my horse and galloped away into the hills.

With a lingering guante as the from German soil, I turned my horse and galloped away into the hills.

A moist, fern-bordered wood road attracted me; I reasoned that it must lead, by a short cut, across the hills to the military highway which passed between Trois-Feuilles and La Trappe. So I took it; and presently came into four crossroads unknown to me.

This grassy carrefour was occupied by a flock of turkeys, busily engaged in catching grasshoppers; their keeper, a prettily shaped peasant girl, looked up at me as I drew bridle, then quietly resumed the book she had been reading.

"My child," said I, "if you are as intelligent as you are beautiful you will not be tending other people's turkeys this time next year."

time next year."
"Merci, beau sabreur," said the turkey-girl, raising her
blue eyes. Then the lashes veiled them; she bent her head
a little, turning it so that the curve of her cheeks gave to her

a fitte, tirring it so that the curve of the cheeks gave to her profile that delicate contour which is so suggestive of inno-cence when the ears are small and the neck white. "My child," said J, "will you kindly direct me, with ap-propriate gestures, to the military highway which passes the Château de la Trappe?"

CHAPTER II

The Government Interferes

"THERE is a short cut across that meadow," said the young I, raising a rounded, sun-tinted arm, bare to the shoulder. "You are very kind," said I, looking at her steadily. "And after that you will come to a thicket of white chee."

'Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"And after that," she said, idly following with her blue eyes the contour of her own lovely arm, "you must turn to the left, and there you will cross a hill. You can see it from where we stand"—she glanced at me over her outstretched arm. "You are not listening," she said.

I shifted a troubled gaze to the meadow which stretched out, all glittering with moist grasses and tufts of rain-drenched wild flowers.

out, all glittering with moist grasses and tufts of rain-drenched wild flowers.

The girl's arm slowly fell to her side; she looked up at me again—I felt her eyes on me for a moment—then she turned her head toward the meadow.

Suddenly a deadened report shook the summer air—the sound of a cannon fired very far away, perhaps on the citadel of Strassbourg. It was so distant, so indistinct, that here in this peaceful country it lingered only as a vibration—the humming of the clover bees was louder.

Without turning my head I said: "It is difficult to believe that there is war anywhere in the world—is it not, mademoiselle?"

"Not if one knows the world," she said indifferently.
"Do you know it, my child?"
"Sufficiently," she said.
She had opened again the book which she had been reading when I first noticed her. From my saddle I saw that it was Molière. I examined her, in detail, from the tips of her small wooden shoes to the scarlet velvet-banded skirt, then slowly upward, noting the laced bodice of velvet, the bright hair under the butterfly coiffe of Alsace, the delicate outline of nose and brow and throat. The ensemble was theatrical.
"Why do you tend turkeys?" I asked.
"Because it pleases me," she replied, raising her eyebrows in faint displeasure.
"For that same reason you read Monsieur Molière?" I suggested.

oubtless, monsieur."

'Who are you?''
'Is a passport required in France?'' she replied languidly.
'Are you what you pretend to be, an Alsatian turkey-

"Parbleu! There are my turkeys, monsieur."
"Of course, and there is your peasant dress and there are your wooden shoes; and there, also, mademoiselle, are your soft hands and your southern speech and your plays of Molière."

"You are very wise—for a hussar," she said.
"Perhaps," said I; "but I have asked you a question which remains parried."
She balanced the hazel rod across her shoulders with a faintly malicious smile. "One might almost believe that you are not a hussar, but an officer of the Imperial Police,"

you think that," said I, "you should answer my ques-ne sooner—unless you come from La Trappe. Do you?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh. And what do you do at the Château de la Trappe?"

"I tend poultry—sometimes," she replied.

"And at other times?"

"I do other things, monsieur!"

"What things?"

"What things?"

"What things? Mon Dieu, I read a little—as you perceive, ousieur."

monsieur."
"Who are you?" I demanded.
"Oh, a mere nobody in all that learned company," she said, shaking her head with a mock humility that annoyed me in-

shaking her head with a mock humility that annoyed me intensely.

"Very well," said I, conscious every moment of her pleasure in my discomfiture, "under the circumstances I am going to ask you to accept my escort to La Trappe; for I think you are Mademoiselle Elven, recently of the Odéon Theatre."

At this her eyes widened and the smile on her face became less genuine. "Indeed I shall not go with you," she said. "I'm afraid I'll have to insist," said I.

She still balanced her hazel rod across her shoulders, a smile curving her mouth. "Monsieur," she said, "do you ride through the world pressing every peasant girl you meet with such ardent entreaties? Truly your fashion of wooing is not slow; but everybody knows that hussars are headlong gentlemen—'Nothing is sacred from a hussar," she hummed deliberately in a parody which made me writhe in my saddle.

in my saddle.

"Mademoiselle," said I, taking off my forage-cap, "your ridicule is not the most disagreeable incident that I expect to meet with to-day. I am attempting to do my duty, and I must ask you to do yours."

"By taking a walk with you, beau monsieur?"

"I'm afraid so."

"By taking a wan """
"I'm afraid so."
"And if I refuse?"
"Then," said I amiably, "I shall be obliged to set you on my horse." And I dismounted and came toward her.
"Set me on—on that horse?" she repeated with a disturbed

mile.
"Will you come on foot then?"
"No, I will not!" she said with a click of her teeth.
I looked at my watch; it lacked five minutes to one,
we minutes we are going to start," said I cheerfully;
ood waiting, twisting the gilt hilt-tassels of my sabre

After a silence she said very seriously: "Monsieur, would you dare use violence toward me?"

"Oh, I shall not be very violent," I replied, laughing. I held the opened watch in my hand so that she could see the dial if she chose.

"It is one o'clock," I said, closing the hunting case with a

snap.
She looked me steadily in the eyes.
"Will you come with me to La Trappe?"
She did not stir.
I stepped toward her; she gave me a breathless, defiant stare; then in an instant I caught her up and swung her high into my saddle before either she or I knew exactly what had happened.
Fury flashed up in her eyes and was gone, leaving them almost blank blue. As for me, amazed at what I had done, I stood at her stirrup, breathing very fast, with jaws set and chin squared.

chin squared.

chin squared.

She was clever enough not to try to dismount, woman enough not to make an awkward struggle or do anything ungraceful. In her face I read an immense astonishment; fascination seemed to rivet her eyes on me, following my every movement as I shortened one stirrup for her, tightened the girths and laid the bridle-reins in her half-opened hand. Then, in silence, I led the horse forward through the open gate out into the wet meadow.

Then, in silence, I led the horse forward through the open gate out into the wet meadow.

Wading knee-deep through soaking foliage, I piloted my horse with its mute burden across the fields; and, after a few minutes, a violent desire to laugh seized me and persisted, but I bit my lip and called up a few remaining sentitionates of decenor.

As for my turkey girl, she sat stiffly in the saddle, with a firmness and determination that proved her to be a stranger to horses. I scarcely dared look at her, so fearful was I of

firmness and determination that proved her to be a stanger to horses. I scarcely dared look at her, so fearful was I of laughing.

As we emerged from the meadow, I heard the cannon sounding again at a great distance, and this perhaps sobered me, for presently all desire of laughter left me, and I turned into the road which led through the birch thicket, anxious to accomplish my mission and have done with it as soon as might be.

"Are we near La Trappe?" I asked respectfully.

Had she pouted or sulked or burst into reproaches I should have cared little; in fact, an outburst might have relieved me. But she answered me so sweetly, and, too, with such composure, that my heart smote me for what I had done to her and what I was still to do.

"Would you rather walk?" I asked, looking up at her.

"No, thank you," she said serenely.

So we went on. The spectacle of a cavalryman in full uniform leading a cavalry horse on which was seated an Alsatian girl in bright peasant costume appeared to astonish the few people we passed. One of these foot-farers, a priest who was travelling in our direction, raised his pallid visage to meet my eyes. Then he stole a glance at the girl in the saddle, and I saw a tint of faded color settle under his transparent skin.

The turkey girl saluted the priest with a bright smile.

"Fortune of war, father," she said gayly. "Behold! Alsace in chains."

sace in chains."

"Is she a prisoner?" said the priest, turning directly on
me. Of all the masks called faces, never had I set eyes on
such a deathly one—nor on such pale eyes, all silvery surface, without depth enough for a spark of light to make
them seem alive.

them seem alive.
"What do you mean by a prisoner, father?" I asked.

"I mean a prisoner," he said doggedly.
"When the church cross-examines the government the towers of Notre-Dame shake," I said pleasantly. "I mean no discourtesy, father; it is a proverb in Paris."
"There is another proverb," observed the turkey-girl placidly. "Once a little inhabitant of hell stole the Key to Paradise. His punishment was dreadful. They locked him in."

in."

I looked up at her, perplexed and irritated, conscious that she was ridiculing me but unable to comprehend just how. And my irritation increased when the priest said calmly: "Can I aid you, my child?"

She shook her head with a cool smile: "I am quite safe under the escort of an officer of the Imperial—"

"Wait!" I said hastily; but she continued:

"Wait!" I said hastily; but she continued:
"—Of the Imperial Military Police!"
Above all things, I had not wanted it known that the Imperial Police were moving in this affair at La Trappe, and now this little fool had babbled to a strange priest—of all people in the world!
"What have the police to do with this harmless child?" demanded the priest, turning on me so suddenly that I involuntarily took a step backward.
"Is this the confessional, father?" I replied sharply. "Go your way in peace and leave to the police what alone concerns the police."

lice."
Render unto Cæsar," said the girl quietly.

hand left me with my fingers on the butt of my pistol. "What the devil is all this?" I blurted out. "Stand aside, father. Do you think the Holy Inquisition is back in France? Stand aside, then! I salute your cloth!" And I passed on ahead, one hand on the horse's neck, the other touching the visor of my scarlet forage-cap. Once I looked back. The priest was standing where I had passed him, both hands clasping a satchel.

We met a dozen people in all, I think, some of them peasants, one or two of the better class, a country doctor and a notary among them. None among them appeared to know my turkey-girl, nor did she even glance at them; moreover, all answered my inquiries civilly enough, directing me to La Trappe, and professing ignorance as to its inhabitants. "Why do all the people I meet carry bundles?" I demanded of the notary.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur, they are too near the frontier to take risks," he replied, blinking through his silver-rimmed spectacles at my turkey-girl.

"You mean to say they are running away from their village of Trois-Feuilles?" I asked.

"Exactly," he said. "War is a rude guest for poor folk."

Disgusted with the cowardice of the hamlet of Trois-Feuilles, I passed on without noticing the man's sneer. In a moment, however, he

tary?"
He looked around, muttered indistinctly

He looked around, muttered indistinctly about having forgotten something, and started on ahead of us; but, at a sharp "Stop!" from me, he halted quickly enough.

"Your road lies the other way," I observed; and as he began to protest, I cut him short: "You change your direction too quickly to suit me," I said. "Come, my friend the weather-cock, turn your nose east and follow it or I may ask you some questions that might frighten you." And so I left him, also, staring after us; and I had half a mind to go back and examine his portfolio to see what a snipe-faced notary might be carrying about with him.

When I looked up at my turkey-girl, she was sitting more easily in the saddle, head bent thoughtfully. "You see, mademoiselle, I take no chances of not finding my friends at home," I said.

"What friends monsiour?"

was sitting more easily in the saddle, head bent thoughtfully. "You see, mademoiselle, I take no chances of not finding my friends at home." I said.

"What friends, monsieur?"

"My friends at La Trappe."

"Oh. And ... you think that the notary we passed might have desired to prepare them for your visit, monsieur?"

"Possibly. The notary of Trois-Feuilles and the Château de la Trappe may not be unknown to each other. Perhaps even mademoiselle the turkey-girl may number the learned Trappists among her friends."

"Perhaps," she said.

Walking on along the muddy road beside her, arm resting on my horse's neck, I thought over again of the chances of catching Buckhurst, and they seemed sim, especially as after my visit the house at La Trappe would be vacant and the colony scattered, or at least out of French jurisdiction, and probably settled across the Belgian frontier.

Of course, if the government ordered the expulsion of these people thus people must go; but I, for one, found the order a foolish one, because it removed a bait that might attract Buckhurst back where we stood a chance of trapping him. But in a foreign country he

could visit his friends freely, and whatever movement he might ultimately contemplate against the French Government could easily be directed from that paradise of anarchists, Belgium, without the necessity of his exposing himself to any considerable danger. I was sorry that affairs had taken this turn. A little breeze began blowing; the scarlet skirt of my turkey-girl fluttered above her wooden shoes, and on her head the silk bow quivered like a butterfly on a golden blossom. "They say when the Lord fashioned the first maid of Alsace half the angels cried themselves ill with jealousy," said I, looking up at her.

at her.

"And the other half, monsieur?"

"The sterner half started for Alsace in a body. They were controlled with difficulty, mademoiselle. That is why St. Peter was given a key to lock them in—not to lock us poor devils out."

After a silence she said, musing: "It is a curious thing, but you speak as though you had seen better days."

"No," I said, "I have never seen better days. I am slowly rising in the world. Last year I was a licutenant; I am now an inspector."

inspector."
"I meant," she said scornfully, "that you had been well born—a gentleman."
"Are gentlemen scarce in the Imperial Military Police?"
"It is not a profession that honors a

man."
"Of all people in the world," said I, "the
police would be the most gratified to believe
that this violent world needs no police."
"Monsieur, there is another remedy for
violence."

And what may that remedy be, mademoi-

*Non*resistance-absolute non-resistance said the girl earnestly, bending her pretty head toward me. "That is not human nature," I said laugh-

ing.

"Is the justification of human nature our aim in this world?"

"Nor is it possible for mankind to submit to violence," I added.

"I believe otherwise," she said gravely.

As we mounted the hill along a sandy road, bordered with pines and with cool green thickets of broom and gorse, I looked up at her and said: "In spite of your theories, mademoiselle, you yourself refused to accompany me."

"But I did not resist your violence," she replied, smiling.

"But I did not resist your violence," she replied, smiling.

After a moment's silence I said: "For a disciple of a stern and colorless creed, you have very human. I am sorry that you believe it necessary to reform the world."

She said, thoughtfully: "There is nothing joyless in my creed; above all, nothing stern. If it be fanaticism to desire for all the world that liberty of thought and speech and deed which I, for one, have assumed, then I am, perhaps, a fanatic. If it be fanaticism to detest violence and to deplore all resistance to violence, I am a very guilty woman, mon-

detest violence and to deplore all resistance to violence, I am a very guilty woman, monsieur, and deserve ill of the Emperor's military police." This she said with that faintly ironical smile hovering sometimes in her eyes, sometimes on her lips, so that it was hard to face her and feel quite comfortable.

I began, finally, an elaborate and logical argument, forgetting that women reason only with their hearts; and she listened courteously. To meet her eyes when I was speaking interrupted my train of thought, and often I was constrained to look out across the hills at the heavy, solid flanks of the mountains which seemed to steady my logic and bring rebellious thought and wandering wisdom to obedience.

obedience. I explained my theory of the acceptance of three things—human nature, the past, and the present. Given these, the solution of future problems must be a different solution from that which she proposed.

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(USE TALL GLASS)

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Drink while effervescent.

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CANADIAN SOLDIERS HOME FROM FOREIGN SERVICE



A remarkable gathering of Canadian soldiers from all quarters of the globe, photographed in front of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, Canada. comprises the Hong Kong Coronation contingent, recently over from London, and the National Guards of Albany, New York. Beginning at the left of the first row are Captains Brown and Smith, Colonel Jarvis, Major Hyatt, Major Chapman, Mayor Cook, Subhadar Major Khanbhadur, Chaplain Oliver, Lieutenant Armstrong, Captain Harriott, and Major Maude of the Guards. Directly behind them, dressed in khaki, is the Hong Kong Artillery. The next row consists of turbaned hillmen of Punjab, and members of the First Regiment of Wei-hai-wei, who occupy the extreme right

CANADA'S NEW MILITARY **COMMANDER**

COMMANDER

THE MILITARY of Canada has been particularly fortunate in the recent selection of the Earl of Dundonald as commander of the forces of the Dominion. Lord Dundonald is one of the most popular and energetic officers of the Imperial forces and his work in South Africa while in command of a brigade of cavalry impels a respect born only of absolute personal bravery in the field. Personally, he is a man of immense magnetism and is bound to be a great favorite among all those under his command. The House of Dundonald has been prominent in army and navy since its creation in 1669, although it has been more prominently associated with the water force. The present Lord Dundonald is the twelfth earl in succession and will leave a worthy name on the roll of honor of the armies of the British Empire. To a Britisher it is enough to say that he commanded the Second Life Guards. No man can obtain that distinction without commanding the absolute respect of every enthusiast on military matters. His whole regimental service was in that magnificent regiment, and during that service he held every rank from sub-lieutenant to colonel. In 1884-85 Lord Dundonald commanded the Second Life Guards Detachment of the Soudan Canal Corps in the Nile Expedition for the Relief of Gordon. He was intrusted with the conveyance of the despatches to Karti announcing the occupation



The Earl of Dundonald and his Staff Commanders

of Gakdual Wells, and subsequently brought back despatches from Gubat announcing the fall of Khartoum. He participated in the battles of Abu Klea and El Gubat, and for the work in this campaign Lord Dundonald was mentioned in despatches and brevetted lieutenant-colonel.

Lord Dundonald is a practical, not a theoretical, soldier; he has turned his attention to the serious side of his profession, and, like Baden-Powell, he has invented several very useful implements of war, the most important being his "galloping carriage" for machine-guns, to enable a cavalry column to support itself by its own guns. Sir Hiram Maxim approved and accepted his first design, which has met with the approval of all expert military authorities, but a later improved type was carried by him to South Africa and used during the war against the Boers, During this campaign Lord Dundonald commanded a division under Buller. His seizure of Potgieter's Drift was one of the great eyents of the South African War, and his manœuvring in the advance toward Pretoria was another example of this dashing cavalryman's work.

Immediately after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dun-

work. Immediately after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dundonald made an inspection tour of all the posts and fortifications of the territory under his command. Quebec was one of the first posts visited and the inspection was finished but a week or two ago, when the accompanying photograph of Lord Dundonald, his staff and the commanders of the works in Quebec was made.

LINER IN THE WORLD LAUNCHING THE LARGEST



The largest of ocean liners now afloat, the "Cedric," was launched on August 21 at Belfast, Ireland. Because of her greater beam, depth and tonnage, she is counted a "bigger" vessel than the new "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," though the latter is seven feet longer. The "Cedric" is 700 feet long, has 75 feet beam and a depth of 49 1.3 feet. She has nine decks. Her carrying capacity is 18,400 tons, 3,000 passengers and a crew of 350

THE 1830 SHOULDER BY MARIE GRÉGOIRE



THE square-shouldered woman has no place in the autumn fashions. Not for her are the newest modes. She may have banted until she is properly slim. She may have punned her faith to her corsetière and cultivated a straight-front figure as wonderful and fearful as any to be seen in fashion journals. She may have sacrificed her tan and coddied her complexion all summer long. If her shoulders don't slope, these sacrifices on the altar of Fashion will avail her nothing. The 1830 shoulder is the touchstone of modishness.

modishness.

If Nature has neglected to provide for the emergency, a clever dressmaker can do much toward remedying the oversight. She cannot give the long sloping line of shoulder rising from drooping décolletage, but she has many an artful way of making that hue look long and she can conjure with a demi-décolleté or a high-necked gown.

On all sorts and conditions of gowns this accentuated shoulder-length is to be noted. The movement began last spring with the fichus, the broad collars—the effects that on this side of the water were called "Gibson"—and it rolled on through the summer, gathering weight and size like a snowball, until, with the autumn models, we have a veritable epidemic of cape collars, pelerines, fichus, shawl draperies and their like.

ball, until, with the autumn models, we have a veritable epidemic of cape collars, pelerines, fichus, shawl draperies and their like.

The mode is not, on the whole, a becoming one. Few figures wear it gracefully. Only a tall, slender girl with drooping shoulders can actually meet a pelerine and come out victorious from the encounter; but, young or old, slim or fat, graceful or awkward, women will accept the 1830 shoulder and make the best of it. Only in Fashion's realm is femininity capable of such philosophy.

On the street gowns, the ubiquitous cape collar or cape is the method adopted for producing the desired shoulder effect. Everywhere one turns one meets cape collars, single, double, triple, trimmed or untrimmed, lined or unlined. Many of the fall suits are made with little capes to take the place of the bolero and serve as a slight wrap. Others have the most fascinating little combinations of cape and bolero. The jacket is sleeveless, full and short; the full cape droops over the arm to the elbow and falls in with the jacket in such fashion that one can hardly tell where bolero ends and cape begins.

Then there are the pelerines, running to the waist line in a

Cloth Jacket

Then there are the pelerines, running to the waist line in a falls over the shoulders. On the coats, the deep full that falls over the shoulders. On the coats, the deep cloth collar or the collars often start from under a stole which finishes

the throat line and front of the coat; for the revers and narrow coat collar are still somewhat under the ban. Occasionally one sees a succession of capes fitted smoothly up to the throat, where they meet a military or l'Aiglon standing collar. Such a coat in blue, with Guard red lining to the capes, is popular in both London and Paris. A coat such as our artist has sketched, in blouse form, with a very deep cape collar beginning under soft embroidered revers that match the lining of coat and cape, is a distinctly successful model, but these smooth-fitting capes are exceedingly hard to handle, and, as yet, only the high-class tailors and dressmakers succeed in giving them exactly the clinging slope and the graceful lines which are their raison d'être.

In heavy lace, the cape collar is multiplied over and over again, and used upon everything from ball gowns to driving cloaks and lounging robes. Frequently it forms the only striking feat-

ing robes. Frequently it forms the only striking feat-

White Crepe House Gown
or soft wool, and on the velvet gowns it is much in evidence. These lace crepe collars are sometimes made in combination with lace stole ends, reaching far down upon the skirt, and give the straight-front line which, while not youthful, is emphatically the mode.

Taffetas inset with lace, hand-embroidered mousseline edged with tny frills, gauze lined with gold or silver itssue and embroidered in gold and silver thread—all these are used for the cape collars, and many of them can be bought in the shops ready-made; but, naturally, these easily procured accessories lack the perfect fit around the shoulders that is the hall-mark of the chic collar. Mousseline and lace, lowever, are so soft and clinging that they mold themselves to the figure, and some of the deep lace or hand-worked mousseline collars are enough to tempt an ascetic. But the 1830 shoulder him does not depend entirely upon cape collars, useful as these are. The fichu serves the same purpose as the cape, though it is suitable only for gowns quite divorced from tailored severity. With the mousselines and other diaphanous gowns of the summer the fichu has been well liked, and it accords especially well with the Pompadour and Dolly Varden silks, the flowered mousselines, the multitude of little frills and flounces, and all the gay frivolity of the old-time fashions that are suffering renaissance this fall.

Velvet Coat

Worn in Marie Antoinette fashion off the shoulders, the fichu is almost universally becoming. Drawn over the shoulders closely and following a surplice line, it is more trying, but is a charming finish to a dainty gown or negligee. Moreover, it is directly in line with the 1830 effects. Fichus of all sorts are for sale in the shops, but the most delightful, though not the most delightful, though not the most expensive are in

sate in the snops, but the most delightful, though not the most expensive, are in the sheerest plain mousseline or net edged with a number of tiny frills. The fichu may have long ends falling to the knees or short ends reaching the waist line. It may end in a knot on the breast, cross in surplice fashion and disappear under a girdle, or be crossed in front, brought around under the arms to the back and knotted there. This last style is particularly effective with a simple Empire house gown, and gives the wearer a delightfully quaint Old-World air.



with a simple Empire house gown, and gives the wearer a delightfully quaint Old-World air.

A fringed fichu of the same material as the gown, lad in smooth folds around the shoulders and slightly V-shaped in front, over an old-fashioned mousseline tucker, is the main feature of an imported gown in apricot crèpe de chine, and the same model in demure dove-gray silk and wool is shown by another Fifth Avenue importer.

The bertha has been quite restored to favor, but of ten falls almost in plain collar fashion instead of being fulled. This is, of course, impossible with a sheer bertha, but in lace the effect is good and in harmony with the shoulder-line rules.

The shawl collar is another rival of the cape collar, and, in material soft enough to drape gracefully, has much to commend it. A number of the imported velvet garments have this shawl collar; but, although the velvets of the season are won-derfully supple and clinging, this shawl collar is more attractive in light-weight wool, crèpe de chine, or sheer fabrics.

Apropos of shawls, every woman who owns a handsome lace shawl is taking it out of the tissue paper where it has lain undisturbed for years past. The heirloom is at last to prove of some service and to reward the patient ones who have for years looked regretfully upon the unserviceable. But now that the sloping shoulder is to be the accepted form for the season's line of beauty, the lace shawl shall come into its own again—and a clever dressmaker can do wonders with a lace shawl in this season of cape and pelerine and fichu.

WOODEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY: : BY ELIZABETH W. MORRISON



Bon-bon Souvenirs

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES are milestones in love's pilgrimage and their observance recalls and strengthens anew the solemn vows of affection plighted at the altar. While the modern hostess is not content to celebrate her fifth wedding anniversary in the same inartistic manner that her predecessors did, she can discharge this pleasant social duty with small financial outlay and still keep within the lines of refinement and good taste, and over all will predominate an atmosphere of hospitality, without which the grandest function becomes a dismal failure.

A wooden wedding in preparation for the near future contains much that may prove valuable to any hostess who contemplates celebrating this wedding anniversary. Instead of the regulation birch bark invitations which have been so popular, wooden spoons will be used as messengers of notification. These are turned from prettily grained light wood, in the bowl of which is written in bronze; Bon-bon Souvenirs

Wooden Punch-bowl and Wooden Goblets Ten days before the event these will be wrapped in wood-brown tissue-paper, tied with yellow and red ribbons—au-tumn's colors—and delivered by special messengers. On the momentous evening the guests will find the hostess's



Jable arranged for Wooden Wedding Feast



Sherbet in Pails

Sherbet in Pails
house trimmed in harmony with the event. The newel posts of
the staircase are to each hold a rustic basket filled with sword
ferns and a rustic stand near by will hold a book, bound in
birch bark, in which the guests will register their names.
The ink-well and pen are gifts to the bridal couple from
friends travelling in the country of the Alps. The register
is unique, as it is the one used on the occasion of the original
marriage, the birch covering being the only addition. Inside
one finds a photograph of the bride and groom, their attendants, a clipping from a newspaper description of the event, a
sample of the bride's bridal gown, her veil, travelling dress,
and a pressed rose from her bridal bouquet. Turning the
page, we see the photographs of the couple as they are on
the fifth anniversary, and also one of each of their children—
a boy and a girl.

the fifth anniversary, and also one of each of their children—a boy and a girl.

A large wooden tray will hold the punch service, and this will be dispensed from a rustic stand placed beneath a canopy of shavings, branches and bitter-sweet in one corner of the reception hall. This punch service will consist of a tray, bowl, cups and ladle made in the exquisite but reasonable Russian woodenware, which is decorated so artistically and beautifully in brilliant colorings. The beverage will be wreathed with grapes in their own foliage.

Birch-tree branches, mingled with bitter-sweet or moun-

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tain-ash berries to brighten the sombre brown, will be used in every advantageous place—between windows, over entrances, and the chandelier frames will be hid from sight by their garniture of curled shavings, asparagus ferns and scarlet berries.

The groom and his bride—she attired in a wood-brown silk and wearing yellow chrysanthemums—will receive standing before a screen made of curled shavings, ferns, branches and berries, the mautle behind this holding a moss bank filled with ferns, and on the surface of the mirror will be glued large figures, "1897—1902," made of twigs and berries.

As the dining-room is too small to admit the arrangement of the tables, the back parlor will be used. This room will be devoid of decoration excepting growing ferns in jardiniers simulating logs, which will be arranged to the best advantage. A large square table is to be placed in the centre of the room, the smaller ones, each seating two people, arranged about.

The chandelier here will correspond in trimming with the one in the receiving-room, except that the berries will be omitted and each electric-light bulb will be encircled by a large yellow paper chrysanthemum. From the centre of this to the four corners, heavy wrapping twine will be stretched and this concealed by curled shavings and asparagus vine, scarlet and yellow chrysanthemiums tucked in at intervals.

A large square of Renaissance lace will occupy the centre of the table. On this is placed a mound of the chrysanthemiums, supporting a pair of wooden shoes filled with moss and foliage.

Wooden plates, piggins, tubs and buckets will come in play for bon-bons, cakes, relishes and salted nutmeats. The substantials are to be served directly from the kitchen.

Each guest's place will be designated at the tables by a small molding-board with miniature rolling-pin attached by scarlet and yellow ribbons—the name of the guests written in bronze on the pin, the host and hostess's names, with wedding dates, appearing on the board.

No cloth is to be used on any of the tables

Each cover consists of a wooden fork, spoon and mug, of Swiss manufacture, and

Each cover consists of a wooden fork, spoon and mug, of Swiss manufacture, and will serve as souvenirs for the guests; wooden plates (such as can be purchased for a few cents a dozen) to complete the outfit.

Cold roast fowl will be served on wooden trenchers, garnished with watercress or parsley; the sandwiches on bread-trays.

Small wooden shoes, lined with lace paper, a scene from Holland painted on each side, holding choice bon-bons, will be carried home by each guest instead of the regulation "wedding cake."

As planned, the rest of the menu consisted of cream of corn served in small piggins, sippets of toasted bread accompanying it: a salad of celery, pecans and mayonnaise, disposed on a lettuce leaf, and two bread-sticks tied with a narrow shaving, on a wooden plate.

Coffee will be served in the wooden mugs and cream and loaf sugar will be furnished from wooden buckets. A delicious cranberry sherbet will repose in a small wooden pail, each set on a lace paper doily on a wooden plate.

FOOD

SOUR BREAD

Annoyed the Doctor.

If you get right down to the bottom of your stomach trouble it is wrong food, and the way to correct it is not by drugs but by using the right food.

A physician in Barron, Wis., writes an instructive letter on this point. He says, "I am a practicing physician, 45 years old, and about 6 feet in height. When I began using Grape-Nuts last spring I weighed 140 lbs, was thin and poor, had a coating on my tongue and frequently belched wind or gas and small pieces of undigested bread or potatoes which were very sour, in short I had acid dyspepsia.

and small pieces of undigested oreas or potatoes which were very sour, in short I had acid dyspepsia.

I consulted a brother physician who advised me to eat about four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts at the commencement of each meal and drink Postum Cereal Coffee. I had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast and tea for dinner and supper. I followed the advice of my brother physician as to diet and experienced relief at once.

Ever since that time I have eaten Grape-Nuts with sweet milk or cream each morning for breakfast and I now weigh 155 lbs., and am no more troubled with sour stomach. I am very fond of Postum Food Coffee and attribute my relief as much to that as I do to Grape-Nuts.

Often when I am called out in the night to see a patient and on my return home I feel tired and hungry, I eat the usual quantity of Grape-Nuts before going to bed and then sleep soundly all night.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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AMERICAN FASHIONS TO INVADE EUROPE



Note.—As organizer and president of the Dressmakers' Protective Association, recently in convention in New York City, Miss White has achieved a distinction as unique as it is interesting. The good-natured badinage which the "Dressmakers' Trust" met with from the press in all parts of the country has not in the least dismarged Miss White or any of the fifteen thousand modistes whom she has amadyamated into the "Gown-Builders' Union," to use a facetious paragrapher's term. Miss White has the strength of her convictions and acknowledges her ambition to "invade" the fashion centres of Europe und establish depots in Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna, where gowns of American design and American workmanship will bid for the patronage of the world's most fashionable clientèle.

NCE I made formal announcement at our convention that the American Dressmakers' Protective Association would this fall open display depots in various European cities for the purpose of introducing American fashions abroad, I have been deluged with letters of surprise, consternation and pity. These letters came from cities and towns all over the United States, and they demonstrated very forcibly a truth I had long known—that American women are phenomenally unconscious of their own vast ally unconscious of their own vast ssibilities.

ossibilities.

Making no mention whatever of any of the ong list of industries and artistic vocations or which America and Americans are rapidly orging to the front in European markets, it is nly necessary to recall that American women re acknowledged, even in Paris, to be the est-dressed women in the world.

Wht?

are acknowledged, even in Paris, to be the best-dressed women in the world. Why?

The naive reason for this, according to the Parisian modiste, is that the Americaine has a better form than her European rival and, what is still more true, that she knows how to wear her clothes.

But why does she have a better form, and why does she have a keener sense of how to wear her clothes than Englishwomen or Frenchwomen? The answer is simple enough: the Americaine is the most artistic woman in the world. She may not know how to paint teacups or decorate plates, but she knows how to make the most of her face—she knows how to powder her nose without giving herself the appearance of emerging from the flour barrel. If she needs a little color in her checks or more expression about the eyes, she knows how to attain it without making a freak of herself: she is able to do this because she is naturally of an artistic temperament. The Americaine may not know how to carve Cupids out of marble, but she does know that she can improve the contour of her face by massage and by the cultivation of repose of expression. She may not model in clay, but she can and does know how to model her own figure into grace and beauty. - Why? Because she is an artist, and, being such, knows how to walk and stand and sit, and she understands the simple art of wearing her corsets properly.

The American woman, as a class, is artistic to her finger-tips. She not only knows how to make the most of her face and her figure, and how to wear her corset and her clothes, but she knows how they ought to be made. She knows too, how to make them.

Being all these things, the American is the coming dressmaker of the world. The next five years will see gowns designed and made by American modistes as much sought after in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London as foreign gowns are now prized by Americans.

For a number of years I have made at least two or three trips a year to the great capitals

in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London as foreign gowns are now prized by Americans. For a number of years I have made at least two or three trips a year to the great capitals of Continental Europe, and the deference paid by foreign designers and workmen to what they seriously term "Yankee fashions" would be rather a revelation to even the most particle of our countrymen and countrywomen. Take, for instance, the rainy day skirt or the short walking skirt. Why! the American woman has made it immensely popular abroad—and nine times out of ten the American skirt in question had been made, not by the first-

class tailor who made the best gowns for the family, but by the seamstress at home. The secret? Because the skirt—the little, short, insignificant skirt—was chic, it had individuality, it bore the hall-mark of the wearer. But that is merely an example of one of the numerous dress ideas which the Parisians have copied from us. Sleeves, fichus, skirts, bodices and their decorations, designed by American women, receive the most sincere

have copied from us. Sleeves, fichus, skirts, bodices and their decorations, designed by American women, receive the most sincere flattery among Parisians—that is, imitation. There is unlimited opportunity just now for bright, clever girls and women of artistic perceptions. So long as there is such a thing as dress there will be fashions, fickle and shortlived, and the woman who is clever enough to devise new ideas in garments of all kinds, from a kimona to a dinner-gown, the woman who can create fashions—well, the world is hers. And American women do have the creative gift in a most generous measure. All they need is self-confidence, courage and an opportunity of showing what they can do. For this purpose our organization was established. We have now fifteen thousand members, and have raised a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars with which our European depots are to be established. We expect to send over a large corps of our best American dressmakers. They will be apportioned among the stations at the corps of our best American dressmakers. They will be apportioned among the stations at the places named.

corps of our best American dressmakers. They will be apportioned among the stations at the places named.

Our depots will be known as the American Dressmakers. We shall use only English phraseology. We will not be modistes—we will be dressmakers. All our workmen and workwomen will be Americans. All our designers will be Americans, and we mean to prove to all Europe that Americans are the best dressmakers in the world. We expect to vie with the very best art in Paris, Vienna and Berlin, and, what is more, we expect to outstrip them in time.

Paris fashions, London fashions, Berlin or Vienna fashions—what are they? Simply so much applied mentality. There is no miracle, no mystery, no sleight-of-hand performance about fashions, as many people are led to believe. Certainly not as regards European fashions. They do not even have the merit of originality. European fashions are derived almost exclusively from the portfolios of the Directory, or of the reign of Marie Antonette or the First Empire. Some seasons certain fashions which obtained in one of those periods are reproduced faithfully, again they are modified, again exaggerated, until the whole cycle has been done to death, and then they reverse the course and go all over it again.

Now, with our American designers it is differ-

over it again.

Now, with our American designers it is different. They do not need any hoary legends, they need none of the tarnished splendors of tradition to give them ideas for the beautiful, betion to give them ideas for the beautiful, becoming and artistic gowning of the women of
to-day. The American designers work from
inspiration. They have but one guide, and
that is their own artistic perception, which
is unusually strong. What the American
designer creates will be a "creation" in
every sense of the word, and the American
made gown of the near future will be universally regarded as an expression or manifestation in textile of an inspiration executed
by artists' fingers. And such accomplishment
of dressmaking skill is bound to turn topsyturvy the whole fashion world of Europe.

THE VALUE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS

By EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT

For instance, two or three thicknesses of newspaper laid upon the nicely serubbed kitchen table, when preparing a meal, will obviate the necessity for scrubbing it again when the clearing up is done. They will catch the drops of milk or grease, the specks



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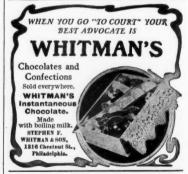
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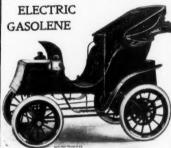
ready for washing, you first rub them off with crumpled newspaper. There will be almost nothing to come off in the water. Clean as you may scrape them, you cannot pretend to get them so clean as if they are rubbed off with paper. Rubbing them off in this way removes about three-quarters of the terrors of dishwashing.

In preparing vegetables, a little thought will enable you a hundred times to use a piece of paper where you have hitherto used and dried, while it was only necessary to burn the paper.

"Nowadays," said a young housekeeper, recently, "when I peel potatoes that have been boiled in their jackets I drop the skins onto a piece of paper instead of into a pan. I found that when they were cold they seemed almost glued to the pan, and were very hard to soak off. Now I don't have any trouble with them. Whenever I can, I make paper take the place of a refuse-dish. You would be surprised how II have learned to reduce the mimber of dishes I have around when I am preparing a meal, and I'm just as clean, if not actually cleaner, than I was in the beginning. I don't have any mussy pans sitting around now, and what I do use are easier washed, for I wipe out the refuse before it has time to dry on. I couldn't keep house without old papers; and then I burn them up under the range, throw out the refuse with the ashes, and I'm just as clean, if not actually cleaner, than I was in the beginning. I don't have any mussy pans sitting around now, and what I do use are easier washed, for I wipe out the refuse before it has time to dry on. I couldn't keep house without old papers; and then I burn them up under the range, throw out the refuse with the ashes, and I'm just as clean, if not actually cleaner, than I was in the beginning. I don't have any mussy pans sitting around now, and what I do use are easier washed, for I wipe out the refuse before it has time to dry on. I couldn't keep house of least and the liber of the parts of the house. Windows, if cleaned with crumpled newspaper (acuse).

So much for newspapers in the





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PERVERTED PROVERBS: By Madeline Bridges

THE FAINT HEART

The proverb, "Faint heart never won Fayre ladye," once was truth sub-

But changeful Fate new threads hath spun—
And, now, the faint heart is the one
The lady captures, every time! THE WISE HEAD

"A wise head keeps a close mouth"—
that's right;
And the clever, resourceful man,
Who hopes for a kiss, with all his might,
Will keep his mouth, when he says
"Good-night,"
As close to hers as he can.

OUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers' Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

Mrs. M. E. Carter.—Your request is indefinite. Do you mean "suburban" relative to Memphis or New York?

H. T. Y.—A Tuxedo coat may be worn on in-ormal occasions only. It may very properly be onsidered full dress for young boys, however.

Mrs. J. E. Castberg.—There are a number of the hops you inquire about on Sixth Avenue be ween Forty-second and Forty-fourth Streets.

E. W. R.—Articles suggesting and offering full particulars for the celebration of gold, silver and wooden weddings will shortly be published in COLLIER'S WEERLY.

LEE WAYRA, BRONX.—We are unable to give you the full name of the boat-builder concerning whom you ask. His place of business, however, is Toms River, N. J., and he is locally known as "Captain."

S. Siegäst.—You can get all the information you desire on the subject by sending a list to the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, East Twenty-third Street, New York. The coins you mention are worth their face value only.

are worth their face value only.

S. C. B.—Bathing the skin with very hot water twice a day and then dusting with a little simple powder is a good thing. Also carefully avoid all rich foods, oil and fat of any kind. Eat plenty of tresh fruit and vegetables, take quiet, regular exercise, and bathe regularly. Steaming with hot water will occasionally remove the disfigurement you speak of, but with care and a little trouble all you complain of is easily remedied.

complain of is easily remedied.

L. Z.—If you are under twenty-five you are probably suffering from acne, a very common skin complaint. If what you complain of is accompanied by throbbing and inflammation, be very careful about your diet. Certainly avoid all sweets, pastries, rich gravies, etc. Take a one-grain pill of sulphide of calcium every three or four hours, and apply an ointment composed of lodoform

1 drachm

Boracic ointment

1 ounce

annoyance and misery. Use no grease, grycerine or lotions of any kind.

Marie Bosquer,—It sounds as though you were losing your hair from weakness and debility. Massage the skin of the head gently with the finger tips night and morning, and try the following remedy:

Borax. . . . 1 teaspoonful Table salt 6 unices Rose water, to 6 ounces Have your hair cut and singed once a month by some good hairdresser, brush well night and morning, and look well to your general health.

Loga.—The causes of loss of hair are so exceedingly numerous, and differ so much, that it is always a very unwise thing to use any sort of quack medicine. If the hair which falls out consists of the longest ones, you have no cause for

alarm, as in that case the old hairs are simply being pushed out by newlones. But if, on carefully examining the hairs, you find there are point ones among them—that is, bairs which have been un-cut—then the matter is serious. Try the following

cut—then the matter is serious. Try the following remedy:
Hydrochlorate of quinine . 10 grains
Resorcin . 10 grains
Vaseline . 4 drachms
Mix to an ointment, and rub well into the scalp at night. Wash off in the morning with plain soap and hot water in which a tiny piece of common soda has been dissolved. Take some good tonic, plenty of outdoor exercise, and good, nourishing food.

outdoor exercise, and good, nourishing food.

Where can I get an automobile hat and what should I get Y-Janer.

Any of the fashionable hatters keep automobile hats and hoods for women, and many of the best department stores also have them in stock. A close-fitting severe hat of straw with nothing about it hat will eather dust, or an alpine or fore-and-aft of felt or of material like the closik, is the most correct and serviceable thing. Full thin silk hoods shirred around the back and sides of the hat, covering the hair and ears and tying under the chin, are much used for country riding, but are hot and unbecoming. A thin veil crossed in the back, brought to the front and tied at one side or under the chin, is more popular and is protection enough for ordinary occasions.

Mrs. Matthews.—(1) The flushing and rash you

In the control of the case of the control of the case of the case

I have a blue silk repp dress, made two seasons ago, and little worn. The bodice, which is now too narrow across the front, has a yoke of Irish point lace at back and front. The material under the yoke fastens over to one side and is trimmed with baby velvet ribbon. It requires letting out from neck to waist. I have a good-sized piece of the material.—L. H. W.

Presuming you do not wish to energifice you be.

from neck to wast. I nave a good-sized piece of the material.—L. H. W.

Presuming you do not wish to sacrifice your lace yoke, I would advise unpicking the fronts and remodelling them on a lining that its now. If you have sufficient you might cut new side fronts, with either straps or folds to go over the lower end of shoulder to lower edge of back yoke. If you have not sufficient to cut this, join under the folds. This will allow your yoke to be placed forward to the necessary increase of size. Then from the lower edge of the yoke down to the wast set in a front of tucked chiffon or soft silk, either with a small heading or join it flat, and trim the join with the velvet ribbon, which might also trim the straps. These latter should be mitred and made to simulate fastening over the yoke edge at the back.



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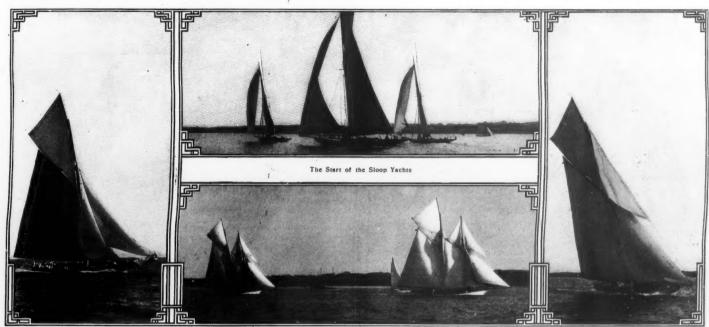
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"Elmina" finishing-beating "Muriel" by 14 Seconds

CLOSE OF THE YACHTING SEASON-THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FALL REGATTA

N. Y. Y. C. FALL REGATTA



In the fall regatta of the New York Yacht Club, sailed September 11, the 60-foot sloop Weetamoe sailed a remarkable race and demonstrated the speediness of her class by winning from Yankee and Rainbow. The race was Weetamoe against all sloops for a challenge cup, and she won by 25 seconds. In the regular classes, Elmina defeated Muriel by 14 seconds, Yankee beat Rainbow 3 minutes 34 seconds, Weetamoe won from Neola by 1 minute 47 seconds and from Eelin by 23 minutes 24 seconds.

ATHLETICS AT TRAVERS ISLAND

Nothing quite so wretched in the way of weather, save at the Intercollegiates two years ago, ever greeted devotees of track athletics as met them on Travers Island upon the occasion of the twenty-sixth annual championships of the A. A. U. on Saturday, September 13. The morning was disagreeable enough, but by afternoon the sluices had been let loose and the rain came down in such sheets as to make the track heavy and the infield a muddy pasture land.

For all that, the crowd witnessed some very good contests, interesting and creditable considering the adverse conditions. The best performance of all was that of Wright of the New West Side Athletic Club, who entered the half-mile run in the junior championships and, after getting home first there in 2 minutes 1 2-5 seconds, went into the senior championships in the same distance and there defeated no less a person than George W. Orton, to do which he had to run on a heavy track, in 1 minute 59 3-5 seconds.

Another performance that was good was the tof Grant, but as he is a vesteran and

defeated no less a person than George W. Orton, to do which he had to run on a heavy track, in 1 mmute 59 3-5 seconds.

Another performance that was good was that of Grant, but as he is a veteran, and thoroughly at home in distance events, this was not so remarkable as the work of Wright. Grant won the one-mile run in 4 mmutes 35 4-5 seconds, and followed it by taking the five-mile run, beating out Pierce, the Indian, and Bowen of the University of Pennsylvania in 26 mmutes 32 4-5 seconds. This race was a race, indeed, and the putting out of Pierce by Bowen for second place reminded one very vividly of how a Pennsylvania runner cut out Franchot of Yale at the tape in the Intercollegiates. Grant, Pierce, Bowen and McVicar stayed together in this race until the last lap, at the sound of the bell, McVicar went to the front, with Grant hanging on to him. Pierce started out to overhaul them and Bowen followed, but the two leaders came into the backstretch still to the good, Grant swinging in his spurt as they came around the bend and breaking the heart of McVicar, who commenced to go back rapidly, while Pierce, the Indian, with Bowen following, made sail after Grant. The veteran had the race safe, and Pierce came down with second place practically in his pocket, as he supposed. Bowen, however, was not dead yet, and just as Pierce was taking his next-to-the-last stride; Bowen plunged Iorward, inpping second place at the very tape from the astonished Indian.

Moulton ran an excellent race in the quarter-mile and showed that some of his college mates at New Haven were not far wrong when they said that his distance was 440 yards. It will be remembered that at the relay races in Philadelphia in the spring Moulton ran a quarter in a team relay that gave the wise ones some idea of his quality at that distance. On Saturday he ran on a heavy track in 50 4-5 seconds.

Moulton had another stiff proposition in the 100-yard dash, and one which proved too much for him, for P. J. Walsh got home first in 10 seconds—first-class work

Every one was glad to see the veteran George Gray, representing the National Club of Toronto, appear once more in his

old favorite event, the shot-put. Here he was opposed by that sterling performer, Dick Sheldon, and also by Fred Beck, but he managed to win with the excellent distance of 46 feet 7 inches, beating out Sheldon by 1 foot 3 1-2 inches, while Beck was over 3 feet shorter than Sheldon. The 120-yard hurdle was accounted for by Hatfield in the slow time of 17 4-5 seconds. Walsh took the 220-yard run, while Hillman secured the low hurdle in 27 seconds. The high jump was a weak performance for such men as Baxter and Serviss, Baxter winning with 5 feet 7 1-2 inches, while Serviss tied with Reuss at an inch less, Serviss winning the jump-off with the same distance as that by which Baxter won the event. Myer Prinstein took the broad jump with 21 teet 5 1-2 inches, Anderson the pole-vault with 16 feet 9 inches, Flanagan was way ahead of Sheridan in the hammer with 151 feet 4 inches, but the latter only lost the discus to Henneman by less than 2 feet. Desmarteau of Montreal took the 56-pound weight, Sheldon getting a third place in this as he did also in the discus.

discus.

In the junior championships, Bohan, a clubmate of Wright's, took the 100 in 10 2-5 seconds, while Ashley of the Pastimes took the 220 in 24 seconds. Hillman accounted for the 220-yard hurdle. The mile run was won by Maher and the five-mile by Joyce, Ronane, another West Side man, securing the quarter. Connelly took the broad jump, Peters the pole-walt, Sheridan the shot, H. Connelly the hammer-throw, McDonough the discus and Desmarteau the 56-pound weight.



Start of the 880-Yard Junior Championship at Iravers Island

OLD-TIME ROWING MEN



Some time this fall there is contemplated a banquet to commemorate the anniversary of the first Harvard-Yale race, rowed August 3, 1852, at Lake Winnepesaukee. Four crews were entered in that race—the Harvard boat, the Oneida, an eight-oar with coxswain, and three Yale boats, the Shawmul, an eight-oar with coxswain, the Undine, an eight-oar with coxswain, and the Allanta, a four-oar. The race was brought about in what would seem to the critics of amateur sport nowadays a shocking manner. That is, it was in the interest of a railroad. The president of the road saw an opportunity to make a good thing by getting up some feature of interest at the Lake, and the railroad offered to pay all the expenses of the crews to and from the Lake and while they were there.

They had an early practice race in the morning and the big race in the afternoon. In the trial race the Oneida won by some two lengths, the Shawmul being second, the Undine third and the Allanta last. In the afternoon the Oneida repeated her victory, winning by some four lengths over the Shawmul. The men who sat in those boats made names for themselves later, one-third of them being in the Civil War and two at least being killed in that war.

In the Allanta were Alfred P. Rockwell, now generally known as Colonel Rockwell of Boston, George A. Kittridge, now a prominent Bombay merchant, while as substitute in

the *Undine* was Sherman W. Knevals, and rowing in that boat were George W. Smalley, the well-known correspond-ent, E. J. Phelps, the lawyer, and James M. Whiton, the

prominent educator.

In the Shawmut were Richard Waite of Toledo and Charles A. White of New Haven, while in the Oneida was Charles J. Paine of Boston, the well-known yachtsman.

COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL



At Cambridge the men were called back the last week in September and were rushed along in their preparation for the first game, which was scheduled for the 27th. It is reported that the most likely men were notified to begin their training the middle of August, which practically gave them a month of preparation before being summoned to Cambridge.

ing the middle of August, which practically gave them a month of preparation before being summoned to Cambridge.

Bowditch, who was expected by many to secure the captaincy, but who was beaten out by Kernan when it came to a vote, will probably fill his position at end again this season. He is an admirable man, strong, active, and with a good deal of football judgment. Last year Cutts was easily the most mature and muscular man in any of the college lines, and his position at tackle rendered him a star, as he led the most effective assaults in tackle-back plays and also kicked goals for Harvard. He will be greatly missed. Blagden is also out of it, but Barnard will probably hold his position at guard, and there are three or four new men, such as Robinson, Riggs, Sugden and possibly Roberts, who will help out with weight in the middle of the line. Matthews, the baseball player, is likely to have a chance at left end, but his light weight is against him. Kernan will play half-back, Graydon full-black. Then there is McGrew, a first-class all-round athlete and captain of the crew, that can put up a rattling good game back of the line. Marshall will take care of quarter-back, but will have plenty of work cut out by his rivals, Baldwin and Daly. Some of last year's freshmen team will make good material, and under Coach Farley the prospects seem very good.

Princeton will have from last year's team Henry at right end, DeWitt at right tackle or

make good material, and under Coach Farley the prospects seem very good.

Princeton will have from last year's team Henry at right end, DeWitt at right tackle or behind the line, Dana at right guard and Captain Davis at left end; behind the line, Freeman at quarter, McClave and Stevens at half-back, with Pearson and Foulke as further candidates for the place, and Underhill as full-back. It will be necessary to fill Pell's place at left tackle, Mills's at left guard and Fisher's at centre. There is a suggestion that Fisher might return, and that would strengthen the middle of the line very materially.

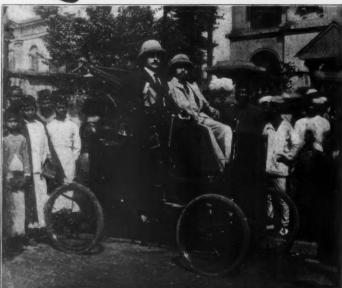
At Lafayette, "Dave" Fultz, the old Brown player, has been secured as coach, and it is fair to say that a great deal is expected of him. His experience since leaving college has been along the baseball and football line, and it is believed that he will bring Lafayette up to her former position as a dangerous rival to any of the big teams.

At New Haven, some thirty men appeared the middle of September and were at once looked over and set at general work previous to lining up. The old men who are back from last year are, behind the line, Chadwick, Wilhelmi, and, in the line, Goss and Hamlin, candidates for guard and tackle, Holt centre, Hogan tackle and Glass guard. The latter, it will be remembered, was withdrawn last year owing to the one year-residence rule.

In the line, Johnson, a substitute guard last year, is year-residence rule.

one year-residence rule.

In the line, Johnson, a substitute guard last year, is counted upon, as well as Coffin and Neal as ends, Bissell and Weeks as tackles; also Owsley, Rogers, Daley, Gross, Ward and Vanderpool behind the line. Rockwell is also a candidate for quarter. The new men spoken well of are Shevlin of Hill School, tackle, and Bowman, full-back, of the same school; also Kinney and Boucher, the Andover guards. A line on the work of the men cannot yet be obtained.



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AMERICAN FOX AND DRAG HUNTING

*HERE is probably more maccurate non-sense printed about hunting in this country than of any other phase of

sense printed about hunting in this country than of any other phase of sport.

Fox-hunting pure and simple does not exist to any extent in the North, and only sporadically in the South. It, however, has a very bright future. Where practiced, it is far above the English type of sport, for the reason that the English fox is more or less a domesticated animal, reared in only a semi-wild state, protected and cared for, almost fed; and, when chased, earths are stopped and, not having to range widely for food, it is simply a matter of endurance. But the American fox is an outlaw from birth. His jaws are against every creeping and feathered thing; every farmer is waiting for his chance to shoot or trap him; his average range for food covers not less than a forty-mile radius, every inch of which he knows.

The Meadowbrook Club of Westbury, L. I., is easily the leading institution of this country, with horses and hounds equal to any in the world, its fearless men and women riders bearing comparison with those of any other country. As to the line negotiated, Sir Bache Cunard, visiting here some years ago, said the Meadowbrook country was the hardest he had ever ridden over. As to falls, the percentage is ridiculously small, not perceptibly more than occur to a corresponding number of riders who regularly ride in the parks. This statement is indorsed by the records of the clubs. The drag is worked by the carrying of a scented stick, which, used in walking, lays a scent wherever the pedestrian travels. The "meets" are arranged by "iffxtures," as in England, the dates of which are circulated privately among the club members. The hounds, as stated before, are genuine American products, founded on the packs imported from Ireland by F. Gray Griswold in 1814, and by A. Belmont Purdy in 1880, when the club was definitely founded. From these, by no hard and fast established system, but by intelligent care and selection, with due entrance of new and distinct foreign and native stocks, the present distinctive American hound was evo stocks, the present distinctive American hound evolved

The country of the Meadowbrook virtually covers Nassau County, and consists mainly of the finest inclosed grass lands. That is the

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the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

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The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, month and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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great drawback to live fox-hunting, and it exists all through the United States, with a few exceptions. We have not here, alternating open and covert, as produced by centuries of attention to the sport in England.

The one great drawback to drag-hunting is the weather. With the exception of about three months in the year, the club is either sun-bound or ice-bound. In the hot, steamy days the scent will not lie, and in hard weather riding is impossible. This is what takes so many people South and to Europe. The Meadowbrook hunts are from March 10 to April 20, as a rule, and the sport is yearly becoming more popular.

The hounds are big, rangy fellows, with good carriage, lots of bone, straight legs and correct marking, and while the English hound of corresponding type has equal speed for a matter of six miles right on end, it has not the American hound's endurance, and especially not his fencing qualities. The latter's great fault is his nervousness and inclination to babble at every opportunity. Values are about equal at the sales.

Turning to the hunters, no one must take the Horse Show exhibits as any index finger to the American hunter, any more than one would accept the crippled selling-plater Jack Point, winner in the thoroughbred class of 1901 at Madison Square Garden, as typical of the mighty type which includes Ethelbert, Ben Halliday, Nasturtium, Blue Girl, Hanover, or a score of giants of the past. The American hunter is not exhibited. Nevertheless, he is a magnificent animal, very valuable both from the breeding and the stud view, and also from the possibility and capability of performance standpoint. In fact, to-day the American hunter is selling well in England, with a steadily increasing demand.

The requisition of the drag is for a well-bred horse having the speed of the steeplechaser, with increased stamina, and much better and more reliable qualities as a jumper. The steeplechaser proper gets but a poor showing in this particular, as the average jockey cross-country has but little idea—as shown

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We all drink it now, even to the cat, who is the pet of the family, and it is funny to see him drink his bowl of Postum Food Coffee every morning. We often try to get him to drink coffee but he has the good sense to refuse it."

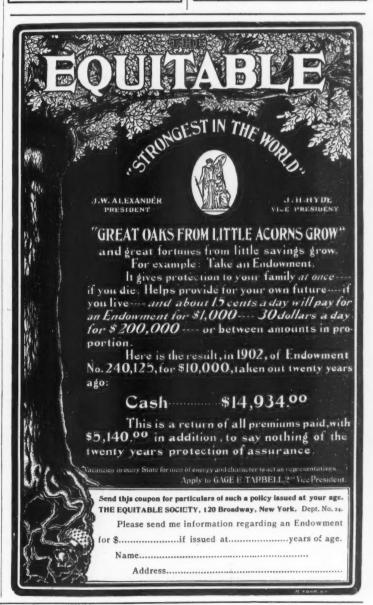


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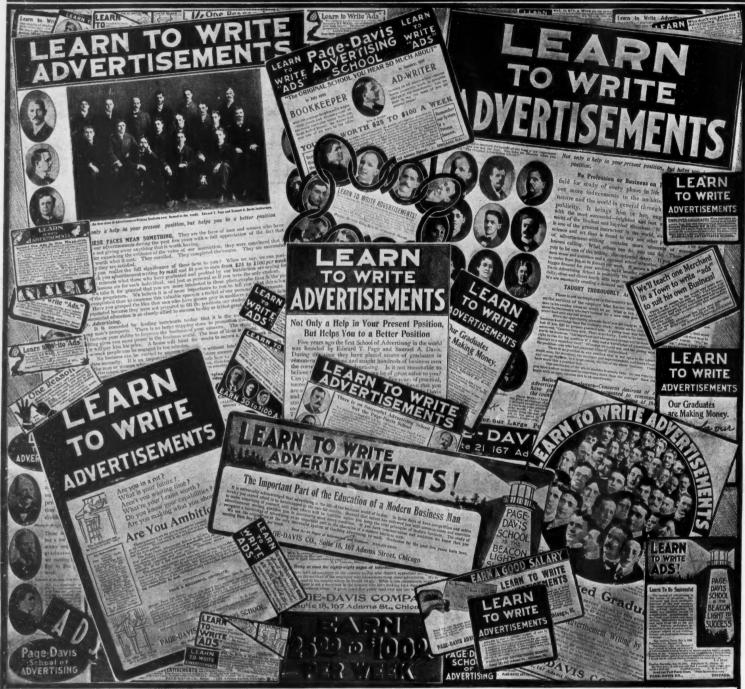
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